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THE STANDARD.

THE BROWN INVASION.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

We have gathered from various sources such further particulars of the Insurrection at Harper's Ferry, Va., as will serve to make the whole affair, in its origin, progress and termination, clear to our readers.

THE BEGINNING.

It seems utterly incredible that twenty-two men should have taken and held such a place as Harper's Ferry for thirty-six hours, and been routed at last by troops, State and Federal, summoned to the place under the influence of a wide-spread panic. Nowhere but in a slave-holding community could such a thing have been done. A consciousness of the injustice and wickedness of slavery fills its supporters with the most terrible apprehensions at the bare suggestion of an insurrection. Just look at the facts.

On Sunday evening, sixteen of the insurgents took possession of the arsenal and the armory, while six of them passed through the town, along the turnpike road which leads to Charlestown, and went immediately to the residence of Lewis Washington, Esq., five miles from the city. They entered his dwelling with false keys, and the first information Mr. Washington had of their presence was a gentle rap at his chamber door—with the call "Washington." He sprang from his bed (it was now one o'clock) and thinking it was some friend, opened the door, when, to his surprise, there stood four men, one of whom was holding a torch, and the other three Sharp's rifles, with the hammers raised. One of them remarked, "Mr. Washington, you have nothing to fear. We do not intend injuring you, but you must go with us. We have taken Harper's Ferry, and it is our intention to free all the slaves. We want you as a hostage only."

Mr. W. found that remonstrance would be in vain, and he accordingly dressed himself and accompanied them. On gaining the front of his house, he found two more men, one a negro, and they had roused the servants for the purpose of compelling them to join in the rebellion. They also took Mr. Washington's carriage and horses, and then left for the Ferry. On the road back they stopped at Mr. John H. Alstadt's, roused him from his bed, also his servants, took his horses and wagon, and proceeded to the Ferry, where they confined masters and servants in the arsenal, the latter refusing to bear arms.

Citizens who attempted to go into the centre of the town, near the arsenal or armory, were seized and imprisoned in the first named building. Among those seized were J. E. P. Dangerfield, clerk to the paymaster; Armistead Ball, master armorer; Geo. Shope, Patrick Burn, John Prichard, and —— Mills. The insurgents mounted guard in front of the arsenal and in some of the streets. The finished arms in the armory were removed into wagons and driven across the bridge into Maryland. A negro man in the employ of the railroad company attempted to go on the bridge and was immediately shot, the ball passing through his body.

A Mr. Kelly and Mr. Thomas Burley, with guns in their hands, ventured within sixty yards of the arsenal, where a mulatto was walking guard, when he levelled his piece and fired. The ball struck Mr. Burley, passed through his body, killing him almost instantly. This deed created great consternation. A party of seven men, part of whom were negroes, had been despatched up the Shenandoah side, to take possession of the rifle works, which they did. Citizens gathered on the hills (which are 300 feet high) and which overlook the works, and, by rapid and correct shooting, soon convinced the insurgents that their force was not sufficient to hold the position. They accordingly left the works and started to cross the river; but as soon as their persons became fully exposed, the rifles were brought to bear upon them from the heights and six of them fell dead in the river. One only escaped. [This is probably an exaggeration.]

George W. Turner, Esq., one of our most estimable citizens of the county, bearing of the rebellion, shouldered his rifle and mounted his horse, and proceeded to the Ferry. Just before he reached the street in which the arsenal is situated, he was shot; the ball passed through the vital organs and he died almost instantly. The fact of his death appeared to nerve the people.

At 3 o'clock, Fountain Beckham, Esq., Mayor of the town, and ticket agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, stepped out on the platform of the railroad, and he was shot. He fell and died instantly. He laid on the platform for over an hour, no person daring to go near him, as the position was commanded from the engine-house. As soon as Mr. Beckham was shot, a proposition was made to kill Tagg, which prevailed, and he was brought out on the bridge and shot, and then thrown into the river, and a volley of bullets sent into his body as it lay on the rocks where it lodged.

After this a charge was made on the engine-house, which was led by Captain Samuel Albertis, editor of the Martinsburg *Republican*, and George Murphy, Esq., Prosecuting Attorney of Berkeley County, and son of the Paymaster of the Armory. The men whom they led fought desperately and succeeded in releasing a large number of imprisoned citizens. Two of their number, however, were killed, named Dorsey and Richardson, and five were wounded, among whom was Mr. Murphy, who received two balls in the fleshy part of the leg; and although thus disabled, he courageously cheered the men to action.

Of the storming of the Arsenal by the U. S. Marines we gave a sufficiently full account last week; but there are various particulars which we must not fail to record.

MAJOR RUSSELL'S INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN BROWN.

Capt. Brown told the crowd not to maltreat him, that he was dying, and that he would soon be beyond all injury. Major Russell had him conveyed into a room of one of the Departments, and kindly ordered all attention to be paid him. Brown looked up, and, recognizing Major Russell, said, "You entered first. I could have killed you, but I spared you." In reply to which the Major bowed and said, "I thank you."

Major Russell kindly admitted me to the room where Brown was lying, and I held the following conversation with him. I asked—

"What is your name—where were you born, and how old are you?"

"My name is John Brown. I am well known. I have been known as Old Brown of Kansas. I'm from Litchfield County, Connecticut, and have lived in divers places. Two of my sons were killed here to-day, and I'm dying too. I came here to liberate slaves, and was to receive no reward. I have acted from a sense of duty, and am content to await my fate, but I think the crowd have treated me badly. I am an old man, and yesterday I could have killed whom I chose, but I had no desire to kill any person, and would not have killed a man had they not tried to kill me and my men. I could have sacked and burnt the town, but did not; I have treated the persons whom I took as hostages kindly, and I appeal to them for the truth of what I say. I am sixty-three years old."

Reporter—"When did you first conceive this move?"

Brown—"While in Kansas. After my property was destroyed, one of my sons killed, and my happiness destroyed by the slave party of Kansas, I determined to be revenged. I was also moved in this matter by a hope to benefit the negroes."

Reporter—"Where did you get all your rifles and the pikes which are here? Who furnished you with them?"

Brown—"My own money. I did not receive aid from any man. Cook is not a son of mine. If I had succeeded in running off slaves this time, I could have raised twenty times as many men as I have now, for a similar expedition. But I have failed. I did not intend to stay here so long, but they (the citizens) deceived me by proposing compromises which they had no intention of carrying out. I am not in any man's employ."

To Mr. Mills, Master of the Armory, who was captured and kept in custody by Brown, this ringleader said:

"We are Abolitionists from the North; we come to take and release your slaves; our organization is large and must succeed; I suffered much in Kansas, and expect to suffer here in the cause of human freedom; slaveholders I regard as robbers and murderers, and I have sworn to abolish slavery, and liberate my fellow-men."

The correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* asked if he did not expect to encounter the Federal troops?

"Not if I had followed up my plans. I intended to remain here but a few hours, but a lenient feeling towards the citizens led me into a parley with them as to compromise, and by prevarication on their part I was delayed until attacked, and then in self-defence was forced to entrench myself."

"What course did you design taking from this point?"

"I had only a general idea on that point, but do not wish to be too closely questioned, lest I should say something which might compromise me hereafter. But to your inquiry I answer, I purposed a general south-west course through Virginia, varying as circumstances dictated or required."

Mr. Washington, who was confined with the other prisoners in the engine-house, and all of whom, it was feared, would be shot in the *melée*, reports that all the insurgents wished to surrender but Brown; that he never quailed, but exhibited a coolness and courage seldom equalled. He ordered and arranged the port-holes drilled in the wall with as much composure as if it had been an ordinary transaction of every-day business. During the firing he never faltered. He also says the prisoners were treated by Brown with great consideration and kindness.

SENATOR MASON'S CONVERSATION WITH CAPT. BROWN.

Correspondence of The New York Herald.

HARPER'S FERRY, October 19.—"Old Brown," or "Ossawattomie Brown," as he is often called, the hero of a dozen fights or so with the "Border-ruffians" of Missouri, in the days of "bleeding Kansas," is the head and front of this offending—the commander of the abolition filibuster army. His wounds, which at first were supposed to be mortal, turn out to be mere flesh wounds and scratches, not at all dangerous in their character. He has been removed, together with Stevens, the other wounded prisoner, from the engine-room to the office of the Armory, and they now lie on the floor, upon miserable shakedowns, covered with some old bedding.

Brown is fifty-five years of age, rather small sized, with keen and restless gray eyes and a grizzly beard and hair. He is a wiry, active man; and should the slightest chance for an escape be afforded, there is no doubt that he will yet give his captors trouble. His hair is matted and tangled, and his face, hands and clothes, all smouched and smeared with blood. Colonel Lee stated that he would exclude all visitors from the room if the wounded men were annoyed or pained by them, but Brown said he was by no means annoyed; on the contrary, he was glad to be able to make himself and his motives clearly understood. He converses freely, fluently and cheerfully, without the slightest manifestation of fear or uneasiness, evidently weighing well his words, and possessing a good command of language. His manner is courteous and affable, and he appears to make a favorable impression upon his auditory, which, during most of the day yesterday, averaged about ten or a dozen men.

When I arrived in the Armory, shortly after 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Brown was answering questions put to him by Senator Mason, who had just arrived from his residence at Winchester, thirty miles distant, Colonel Faulkner, member of Congress, who lives but a few miles off, Mr. Vallandigham, member of Congress, of Ohio, and several other distinguished gentlemen. The following is a *verbatim* report of the conversation:

Mr. Mason—Can you tell us, at least, who furnished money for your expedition?

Mr. Brown—I furnished most of it myself. I cannot implicate others. It is by my own folly that I have been taken. I could easily have saved myself from it had I exercised my own better judgment, rather than yielded to my feelings.

Mr. Mason—You mean if you had escaped immediately?

Mr. Brown—No; I had the means to make myself secure without any escape, but I allowed myself to be surrounded by a force by being too tardy.

Mr. Mason—Tardy in getting away?

Mr. Brown—I should have gone away, but I had thirty odd prisoners, whose wives and daughters were in tears for their safety, and I felt for them. Besides, I wanted to allay the fears of those who believed we came here to burn and kill. For this reason I allowed the train to cross the bridge, and gave them full liberty to pass on. I did it only to spare the feelings of those passengers and their families, and to allay the apprehensions that you had got here in your vicinity a band of men who had no regard for life and property, nor any feelings of humanity.

Mr. Mason—But you killed some people passing along the streets quietly.

Mr. Brown—Well, sir, if there was anything of that kind done, it was without my knowledge. Your own citizens, who were my prisoners, will tell you that every possible means was taken to prevent it. I did not allow my men to fire, when there was danger of killing those we regarded as innocent persons, if I could help it. They will tell you that we allowed ourselves to be fired at repeatedly and did not return it.

A Bystander—That is not so. You killed an unarmed man at the corner of the house over there (at the watertank) and another besides.

Mr. Brown—See here, my friend, it is useless to dispute or contradict the report of your own neighbors who were my prisoners.

Mr. Mason—If you would tell us who sent you here—who provided the means—that would be information of some value.

Mr. Brown—I will answer freely and faithfully about what concerns myself—I will answer anything I can with honor, but not about others.

Mr. Vallandigham (member of Congress from Ohio, who had just entered)—Mr. Brown, who sent you here?

Mr. Brown—No man sent me here; it was my own prompting and that of my Maker, or that of the devil, whichever you please to ascribe it to. I acknowledge no man in human form.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you get up the expedition yourself?

Mr. Brown—I did.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you get up this document that is called a constitution?

Mr. Brown—I did. They are a constitution and ordinances of my own contriving and getting up.

Mr. Vallandigham—How long have you been engaged in this business?

Mr. Brown—From the breaking out of the difficulties in Kansas. Four of my sons had gone there to settle, and they induced me to go. I did not go there to settle, but because of the difficulties.

Mr. Mason—How many are engaged with you in this movement? I ask those questions for our own safety.

Mr. Brown—Any questions that I can honorably answer I will, not otherwise. So far as I am myself concerned, I have told everything truthfully. I value my word, sir.

Mr. Mason—What was your object in coming?

Mr. Brown—We came to free the slaves, and only that?

A Young Man (in the uniform of a volunteer company)—How many men in all had you?

Mr. Brown—I came to Virginia with eighteen men only, besides myself.

Volunteer—What in the world did you suppose you could do here in Virginia with that amount of men?

Mr. Brown—Young man, I don't wish to discuss that question here.

Volunteer—You could not do anything.

Mr. Brown—Well, perhaps your ideas and mine on military subjects would differ materially.

Mr. Mason—How do you justify your acts?

Mr. Brown—I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity—I say it without wishing to be offensive—and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you wilfully and wickedly held in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.

Mr. Mason—I understand that.

Mr. Brown—I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time and at all times. I hold that the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty.

Lieutenant Stewart—But don't you believe in the Bible?

Mr. Brown—Certainly I do.

Mr. Vallandigham—Where did your men come from? Did some of them come from Ohio?

Mr. Brown—Some of them.

Mr. Vallandigham—From the Western Reserve? None came from Southern Ohio?

Mr. Brown—Yes, I believe one came from below Steubenville, down not far from Wheeling.

Mr. Vallandigham—Have you been in Ohio this summer?

Mr. Brown—Yes, sir.

Mr. Vallandigham—How lately?

Mr. Brown—I passed through to Pittsburg on my way in June.

Mr. Vallandigham—Were you at any County or State Fair there?

Mr. Brown—I was not—not since June.

Mr. Mason—Did you consider this a military organization in this paper (the constitution)? I have not yet read it.

Mr. Brown—I did in some sense. I wish you would give that paper close attention.

Mr. Mason—You consider yourself the commander-in-chief of these "provisional" military forces.

Mr. Brown—I was chosen, agreeably to the ordinance of a certain document, commander-in-chief of that force.

Mr. Mason—What wages did you offer?

Mr. Brown—None.

Lieutenant Stuart—"The wages of sin is death."

Mr. Brown—I would not have made such a remark to you if you had been a prisoner, and wounded, in my hands.

A Bystander—Did you not promise a negro in Gettysburg twenty dollars a month?

Mr. Brown—I did not.

Bystander—He says you did.

Mr. Vallandigham—Were you ever in Dayton, Ohio?

Mr. Brown—Yes, I must have been.

Mr. Vallandigham—This summer?

Mr. Brown—No; a year or two since.

Mr. Mason—Does this talking annoy you?

Mr. Brown—Not in the least.

Mr. Vallandigham—Have you lived long in Ohio?

Mr. Brown—I went there in 1850; I lived in Summit County, which was then Trumbull County; my native place is in York State; my father lived there till his death, in 1805.

Mr. Vallandigham—Have you been in Portage County lately?

Mr. Brown—I was there in June last.

Mr. Vallandigham—When in Cleveland, did you attend the Fugitive Slave Law Convention there?

Mr. Brown—No. I was there about the time of the sitting of the court to try the Oberlin rescuers. I spoke there publicly on that subject. I spoke on the Fugitive Slave law and my own rescue. Of course, so far as I had any influence at all, I was disposed to justify the Oberlin people for rescuing the slave, because I have myself forcibly taken slaves from bondage. I was concerned in taking eleven slaves from Missouri to Canada last winter. I think I spoke in Cleveland before the Convention. I do not know that I had any conversation with any of the Oberlin rescuers. I was sick part of the time I was in Ohio with the ague. I was part of the time in Ashtabula County.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you see anything of Joshua R. Giddings there?

Mr. Brown—I did meet him.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you converse with him?

Mr. Brown—I did. I would not tell you, of course, anything that would implicate Mr. Giddings; but I certainly met with him and had conversations with him.

Mr. Vallandigham—About that rescue case?

Mr. Brown—Yes, I did; I heard him express his opinions upon it very freely and frankly.

Mr. Vallandigham—Justifying it?

Mr. Brown—Yes, sir; I do not compromise him, certainly, in saying that.

Mr. Vallandigham—Will you answer this: Did you talk with Giddings about your expedition here?

Mr. Brown—No, I won't answer that, because a denial of it I would not make, and to make any affirmation of it I should be a great dunce.

Mr. Vallandigham—Have you had any correspondence with parties at the North on the subject of this movement?

Mr. Brown—I have had no correspondence.

A Bystander—Do you consider this a religious movement?

Mr. Brown—It is, in my opinion, the greatest service a man can render to God.

Bystander—Do you consider yourself an instrument in the hands of Providence?

Mr. Brown—I do.

Bystander—Upon what principle do you justify your acts?

Mr. Brown—Upon the golden rule. I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them; that is why I am here; not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and the wronged, that are as good as you and as precious in the sight of God.

Bystander—Certainly. But why take the slaves against their will?

Mr. Brown—I never did.

Bystander—You did in one instance, at least.

Stephens, the other wounded prisoner, here said, in a firm, clear voice, "You are right. In one case I know the negro wanted to go back."

A Bystander—Where did you come from?

Mr. Stephens—I lived in Ashtabula County, Ohio.

Mr. Vallandigham—how recently did you leave Ashtabula County?

Mr. Stephens—Some months ago. I never resided there any length of time; have been through there.

Mr. Vallandigham—How far did you live from Jefferson?

Mr. Brown—Be cautious, Stephens, about any answers that would commit any friend. I would not answer that.

Stephens turned partially over with a groan of pain, and was silent.

Mr. Vallandigham (to Mr. Brown)—Who are your advisers in this movement?

Mr. Brown—I cannot answer that. I have numerous sympathizers throughout the entire North.

Mr. Vallandigham—In northern Ohio?

Mr. Brown—No more there than anywhere else; in all the free States.

Mr. Vallandigham—But you are not personally acquainted in southern Ohio?

Mr. Brown—Not very much.

Mr. Vallandigham (to Stephens)—Were you at the Convention last June?

Stephens—I was.

Mr. Vallandigham (to Brown)—You made a speech there?

Mr. Brown—I did, sir.

A Bystander—Did you ever live in Washington City?

Mr. Brown—I did not. I want you to understand, gentlemen (and to the reporter of the *Herald*, you may report that)—I want you to understand that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of colored people, oppressed by the slave system, just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone. We expected no reward except the satisfaction of endeavoring to do for those in distress and greatly oppressed as we would be done by. The cry of distress of the oppressed is my reason, and the only thing that prompted me to come here.

A Bystander—Why did you do it secretly?

Mr. Brown—Because I thought that necessary to success; no other reason.

Bystander—And you think that honorable? Have you read Gerrit Smith's last letter?

Mr. Brown—What letter do you mean?

Bystander—The New York *Herald* of yesterday, in speaking of this affair, mentions a letter in this way:

"Apropos of this exciting news, we recollect a very significant passage in one of Gerrit Smith's letters, published a month or two ago, in which he speaks of the folly of attempting to strike the shackles off the slaves by the force of moral suasion or legal agitation, and predicts that the next movement made in the direction of negro emancipation would be an insurrection in the South."

Mr. Brown—I have not seen the New York *Herald* for some days past; but I presume, from your remark about the gist of the letter, that I should concur with it. I agree with Mr. Smith that moral suasion is hopeless. I don't think the people of the slave States will ever consider the subject of slavery in its true light till some other argument is resorted to than moral suasion.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you expect a general rising of the slaves in case of your success?

Mr. Brown—No, sir; nor did I wish it; I expected to gather them up from time to time, and set them free.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you expect to hold possession here till then?

Mr. Brown—Well, probably I had quite a different idea. I do not know that I ought to reveal my plans. I am here a prisoner and wounded, because I foolishly allowed myself to be so. You overrate your strength in supposing I could have been taken if I had not allowed it. I was too tardy after commencing the open attack—in delaying my movements through Monday night, and up to the time I was attacked by the government troops. It was all occasioned by my desire to spare the feelings of my prisoners and their families and the community at large. I had no knowledge of the shooting of the negro (Heywood).

Mr. Vallandigham—What time did you commence your organization in Canada?

Mr. Brown—That occurred about two years ago, if I remember right. It was, I think, in 1858.

Mr. Vallandigham—Who was the Secretary?

Mr. Brown—That I would not tell if I recollected, but I do not recollect. I think the officers were elected in May, 1858. I may answer incorrectly, but not intentionally. My head is a little confused by wounds, and my memory obscure on dates, &c.

Dr. Biggs—Were you in the party at Dr. Kennedy's house?

Mr. Brown—I was the head of that party. I occupied the house to mature my plans. I have not been in Baltimore to purchase caps.

Dr. Biggs—What was the number of men at Kennedy's?

Mr. Brown—I decline to answer that.

Dr. Biggs—Who lanced that woman's neck on the hill?

Mr. Brown—I did. I have sometimes practised in surgery when I thought it a matter of humanity and necessity, and there was no one else to do it, but have not studied surgery.

Dr. Biggs—It was done very well and scientifically. They have been very clever to the neighbors, I have been told, and we had no reason to suspect them, except that we could not understand their movements. They were represented as eight or nine persons; on Friday there were thirteen.

Mr. Brown—There were more than that.

Q. Where did you get arms to obtain possession of the Armory? A. I bought them.

Q. In what State? A. That I would not state.

Q. How many guns? A. Two hundred Sharp's rifles and two hundred revolvers—what is called the Massachusetts Arms Company's revolvers, a little under navy size.

Q. Why did you not take that swivel you left in the house? A. I had no occasion for it. It was given to me a year or two ago.

Q. In Kansas? A. No, I had nothing given to me in Kansas.

Q. By whom, and in what State? A. I decline to answer. It is not properly a swivel; it is a very large rifle with a pivot. The ball is larger than a musket ball; it is intended for a slug.

Reporter of The Herald—I do not wish to annoy you; but if you have anything further you would like to say, I will report it.

Mr. Brown—I have nothing to say, only that I claim to be here in carrying out a measure I believe perfectly justifiable, and not to act the part of an incendiary or ruffian, but to aid those suffering great wrong. I wish to say, furthermore, that you had better—all you people at the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement of that question that must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it. The sooner you are prepared the better. You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now; but this question is still to be settled—this negro question I mean; the end of that is not yet. These wounds were inflicted upon me—both sabre cuts on my head and bayonet stabs in different parts of my body—some minutes after I had ceased fighting and had consented to surrender, for the benefit of others, not for my own. (This statement was vehemently denied by all around.) I believe the Major (meaning Lieut. J. B. Stuart, of the United States Cavalry) would not have been alive; I could have killed him just as easy as a mosquito when he came in, but I supposed he only came in to receive our surrender. There had been loud and long calls of "Surrender" from us—as loud as men could yell—but in the confusion and excitement I suppose we were not heard. I do not think the Major, or any one, meant to butcher us after we had surrendered.

An officer here stated that the orders to the marines were not to shoot anybody; but when they were fired upon by Brown's men and one of them killed, they were obliged to return the compliment.

Mr. Brown insisted that the marines fired first.

An Officer—Why did you not surrender before the attack?

Mr. Brown—I did not think it was my duty or interest to do so. We assured the prisoners that we did not wish to harm them, and they should be set at liberty. I exercised my best judgment, not believing the people would wantonly sacrifice their own fellow-citizens, when we offered to let them go on condition of being allowed to change our position about a quarter of a mile. The prisoners agreed by vote among themselves to pass across the bridge with us. We wanted them only as a sort of guarantee of our own safety; that we should not be fired into. We took them, in the first place, as hostages and to keep them from doing any harm. We did kill some men in defending ourselves, but I saw no one fire, except directly in self-defence. Our orders were strict not to harm any one not in arms against us.

Q. Brown, suppose you had every nigger in the United States, what would you do with them? A. Set them free.

Q. Your intention was to carry them off and free them? A. Not at all.

A Bystander—To set them free would sacrifice the life of every man in this community.

Mr. Brown—I do not think so.

Bystander—I know it. I think you are fanatical.

Mr. Brown—And I think you are fanatical. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and you are mad.

Q. Was it your only object to free the negroes? A. Absolutely our only object.

Q. But you demanded and took Colonel Washington's silver and watch? A. Yes; we intended freely to appropriate the property of slaveholders to carry out our object. It was for that, and only that, and with no design to enrich ourselves with any plunder whatever.

LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH.

Among the documents found in Capt. Brown's carpet bag was the following letter:

PETERBORO', June 4, 1859.

CAPT. JOHN BROWN—*My Dear Friend:* I wrote you a week ago, directing my letter to the care of Mr. Kearney. He replied, informing me that he had forwarded it to Washington. But as Mr. Morton received, last evening, a letter from Mr. Sanborn, saying your address would be your son's home, viz., West Andover, I therefore write you without delay, and direct my letter to your son. I have done what I could thus far for Kansas, and what I could to help you at your Kansas work.

Losses by indorsement and otherwise have brought me under heavy embarrassment the last two years. But I must, nevertheless, continue to do in order to keep you at your Kansas work. I send you herewith my draft for two hundred dollars. Let me hear from you on the receipt of this letter. You live in our hearts, and our prayer to God is that you may have strength enough to continue in your Kansas work.

My wife joins me in affectionate regard to you, dear John, whom we both hold in very high esteem. I suppose you put the Whitman note into Mr. Kearney's hands. It will be a great shame if Mr. Whitman does not pay it. What a noble man is Mr. Kearney! How liberally he has contributed to keep you in your Kansas work.

Your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

THE FRAME-WORK OF THE PROPOSED REVOLUTIONAY GOVERNMENT.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 19.

The following documents, found among Brown's papers, were indorsed: "Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the people of the United States:"

PREAMBLE.—Whereas slavery, throughout its entire existence in the United States is none other than the most barbarous, unprovoked and unjustifiable war of one portion of its citizens against another portion, the only conditions of which are perpetual imprisonment and hopeless servitude, or absolute extermination, in utter disregard and violation of those eternal and self-evident truths set forth in our Declaration of Independence;

Therefore, we, the citizens of the United States, and the oppressed people, who, by a recent decision of the Supreme Court, are declared to have no rights which the white man is bound to respect, together with all the other people degraded by the laws thereof, do, for the time being, ordain and establish for ourselves the following provisional Constitution and ordinances, the better to protect our people, property, lives and liberties, and to govern our actions.

ARTICLE 1.—QUALIFICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.—All persons of mature age, whether proscribed, oppressed and enslaved citizens, or of proscribed and oppressed races of the United States, who shall agree to sustain and enforce the provisional Constitution and ordinances of organization, together with all minor children of such persons, shall be held to be fully entitled to protection under the same.

ART. 2.—BRANCHES OF GOVERNMENT.—The provisional Government of this organization shall consist of three branches, viz.: the Legislative, the Executive and Judicial.

ART. 3.—THE LEGISLATIVE.—The Legislative Branch shall be a Congress or House of Representatives, composed of not less than five nor more than ten members, who shall be elected by all the citizens of mature age and sound mind connected with this organization, and who shall remain in office for three years, unless sooner removed for misconduct or inability, or by death. A majority of such members shall constitute a quorum.

ART. 4.—EXECUTIVE.—The Executive branch of this organization shall consist of a President and Vice-President, who shall be chosen by the citizens or members of this organization, and each of whom shall hold his office for three years, unless sooner removed by death or for inability or misconduct.

ART. 5.—JUDICIAL.—The Judicial Branch shall consist of one Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and four Associate Judges of the said Court, each of them constituting a Circuit Court. They shall each be chosen in the same manner as the President, and shall continue in office until their places have been filled in the same manner by an election of citizens.

Articles 13 to 25 provide for the trial of the President and other officers and members of Congress, the impeachment of Judges, the duties of President and Vice-President, the punishment of crimes, army appointments, salaries, &c., &c. These articles are not of special interest, and are therefore omitted.

ART. 24.—TREATIES OF PEACE.—Before any treaty of peace shall take full effect, it shall be signed by the President, Vice-President, Commander-in-Chief, a majority of the House of Representatives, a majority of the Supreme Court, and a majority of all the general officers of the army.

ART. 27.—DUTY OF THE MILITARY.—It shall be the duty of the Commander-in-Chief, and all the officers and soldiers of the army, to afford special protection, when needed, to Congress or any member thereof, to the Supreme Court or any member thereof, to the President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary of War, and to afford protection to all civil officers, or other persons having a right to the same.

ART. 28.—PROPERTY.—All captured or confiscated property, and all property the product of the labor of those belonging to this organization and of their families, shall be held as the property of the whole equally, without distinction, and may be used for the common benefit or disposed of for the same object. Any person, officer or otherwise, who shall improperly retain, secrete, use, or needlessly destroy such property, or property found, captured, or confiscated, belonging to the enemy, or shall wilfully neglect to render a full and fair statement of such property by him so taken or held, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, shall be punished accordingly.

ART. 29.—SAFETY OR INTELLIGENCE FUND.—All money, plate, watches or jewelry captured by honorable warfare, found, taken, or confiscated, belonging to the enemy, shall be held sacred to constitute a liberal safety or intelligence fund, and any person who shall improperly retain, dispose of, hide, use or destroy such money or other article above-named, contrary to the provisions and spirit of this article, shall be deemed guilty of theft, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished accordingly. The Treasurer shall furnish the Commander-in-Chief at all times with a full statement of the condition of such fund and its nature.

ART. 30.—THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND THE TREASURY.—The Commander-in-Chief shall have power to draw from the treasury the money and other property of the fund provided for in article 29, but his orders shall be signed also by the Secretary of War, who shall keep a strict account of the same, subject to examination by any member of Congress or general officer.

ART. 31.—SURPLUS OF THE SAFETY OR INTELLIGENCE FUND.—It shall be the duty of the Commander-in-Chief to advise the President of any surplus of the Safety and Intelligence Fund, and he shall have power to draw the same, his order being also signed by the Secretary of State, to enable him to carry on the provisions of article 17.

ART. 32.—PRISONERS.—No person, after having surrendered himself a prisoner, and who shall properly demean himself or herself as such to any officer or private connected with this organization, shall afterwards be put to death or be subjected to any corporeal punishment without first having the benefit of a fair and impartial trial, nor shall any prisoner be treated with any kind of cruelty, disrespect, insult, or needless severity, but it shall be the duty of all persons, male and female, connected herewith, at all times and under all circumstances, to treat all such prisoners with every degree of respect and kindness that the nature of the circumstances will admit of, and insist on a like course of conduct from all others, as in fear of the Almighty God, to whose care and keeping we commit our cause.

ART 33.—VOLUNTARIES.—All persons who may come forward, and shall voluntarily deliver up slaves, and have their names registered on the books of this organization, shall, so long as they continue at peace, be entitled to the fullest protection in person and property, though not connected with the organization, and shall be treated as friends, and not merely as persons neutral.

ART. 34.—NEUTRALS.—The persons and property of all non-slaveholders who shall remain absolutely neutral shall be respected, so far as circumstances will allow of it, but they shall not be entitled to any active protection.

ART. 35.—NO NEEDLESS WASTE.—The needless waste or destruction of any useful property or article by fire, throwing open of fences, fields, buildings, or needless killing of animals, or injury of either, shall not be tolerated at any time or place, but shall be promptly and peremptorily punished.

ART. 36.—PROPERTY CONFISCATED.—The entire personal and real property of all persons known to be acting either directly or indirectly with or for the enemy, or found in arms with them, or found wilfully holding slaves, shall be confiscated and taken whenever and wherever it may be found, in either free or slave States.

ART. 37.—DESERTION.—Persons convicted, on impartial trial, of desertion to the enemy, after becoming members, acting as spies or treacherously surrendering property, arms, ammunition, provisions or supplies of any kind, roads, bridges, persons, or fortifications, shall be put to death and their entire property confiscated.

ART. 38.—VIOLATION OF PAROLE OF HONOR.—Persons proven to be guilty of taking up arms, after having been set at liberty on parole of honor, or after the same to have taken any active part with or for the enemy, direct or indirect, shall be put to death, and their entire property confiscated.

Articles 39, 40 and 41 require all to labor for the general good and prohibit immoral actions.

ART. 42.—THE MARRIAGE RELATION—SCHOOLS—THE SABBATH.—Marriage relations shall be at all times respected, and families be kept together as far as possible, and broken families encouraged to reunite, and intelligence offices shall be established for that purpose. Schools and churches shall be established as soon as may be, for the purpose of religious and other instruction, and the first day of the week shall be regarded as a day of rest, and appropriated to moral and religious instruction and improvement, to the relief of the suffering, the instruction of the young and ignorant, and the encouragement of personal cleanliness; nor shall any persons be required on that day to perform ordinary manual labor, unless in extremely urgent cases.

ART. 43.—TO CARRY ARMS OPENLY.—All persons known to be of good character and of sound mind and suitable age, who are connected with this organization, whether male or female, shall be encouraged to carry arms openly.

ART. 44.—NO PERSON TO CARRY CONCEALED WEAPONS.—No person within the limits of conquered territory, except regularly appointed policemen, express officers of army, mail carriers, or other fully accredited messengers of the Congress, the President, Vice-President, members of the Supreme Court or commissioned officers of the army, and those under peculiar circumstances, shall be allowed to carry concealed weapons; and any person not specially authorized so to do who shall be found so doing shall be deemed a suspicious person, and may at once be arrested by any officer, soldier or citizen, without the formality of a complaint or warrant, and may at once be subjected to thorough search, and shall have his or her case thoroughly investigated, and be dealt with as circumstances on proof shall require.

ART. 45.—PERSONS TO BE SEIZED.—Persons living within the limits of territory holden by this organization and not connected with this organization, having arms at all concealed or otherwise, shall be seized at once, or be taken in charge of by some vigilant officer, and their case thoroughly investigated, and it shall be the duty of all citizens and soldiers, as well as officers, to arrest such parties as are named in this and the preceding section or article, without formality of complaint, or warrant, and shall be placed in charge of some proper officer for examination or safe keeping.

ART. 46.—THESE ARTICLES NOT FOR THE OVERTHROW OF GOVERNMENT.—The foregoing articles shall not be construed so as in any way to encourage the overthrow of any State Government or of the General Government of the United States, and look to no dissolution of the Union, but simply to amendment and repeal; and our flag shall be the same that our fathers fought under in the Revolution.

ART. 47.—THE PLURALITY OF OFFICES.—No two offices specially provided for by this instrument shall be filled by the same person at the same time.

ART. 48.—OATH.—Every officer, civil or military, connected with this organization, shall, before entering upon the duties of office, make a solemn oath or affirmation to abide by and support the Provisional Constitution and these ordinances. Also, every citizen and soldier, before being recognized as such, shall do the same.

SCHEDULE.

The President of this Convention shall convene, immediately on the adoption of this instrument, a Convention of all such persons as shall have given their adherence, by signature, to the Constitution, who shall proceed to fill, by election, all offices specially named in said Constitution, the President of this Convention presiding and issuing commissions to such officers elect, all such officers being hereafter elected in the manner provided in the body of this instrument.

LATER INCIDENTS.

HARPER'S FERRY, Wednesday, Oct. 19—p. m.

The killed and wounded in yesterday's conflict are as follows: killed, six citizens and fifteen insurgents; wounded, three insurgents, prisoners five.

The prisoners have been committed to Charlestown jail to await the action of the Grand Jury. They will be indicted and tried in a few days. The question of jurisdiction has been settled in this way: The local authorities are to try the prisoners for murder, and meanwhile the United States authorities are to proceed on the charge of treason. Gov. Wise said to U. S. District-Attorney Ould that he has no objection to the General Government proceeding against the prisoners; that is what will be left of them by the time the Virginia authorities have done with them.

Brown is better, and has made a fuller statement, in which he says he rented the farm from Dr. Kennedy six months since, and the rent is paid till next March; he never had over twenty-two men at the farm at one time, that belonged to the organization, but he *had good reason to expect reinforcements from Maryland, Kentucky, North and South Carolina and Canada;* he had arms sufficient for fifteen hundred men; he had two hundred revolvers, two hundred Sharp's rifles and a thousand spears; he left them at the farm; he had abundance of powder and other ammunition; he brought all the arms, from time to time, from Connecticut and other eastern points to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania; they were directed to J. Smith & Sons, Kennedy Farm, his assumed name. They were packed in double boxes, so as to deceive the parties who handled them on their way to the farm. He says he made one mistake, in either not detaining the train on Sunday night or permitting it to go on unmolested. This mistake, he seemed to infer, exposed his doings too soon and prevented his reinforcements from coming.

The names of all the parties on Sunday night, except three white men, whom he admits he sent away on an errand, are as follows, with their proper titles under the Provisional Government:

WHITES.

Officers—Gen. John Brown, Commander-in-Chief, wounded, but will recover; Capt. Oliver Brown, dead; Capt. Watson Brown, dead; Capt.

&c., to give instant warning of any hostile demonstrations from outside the city. They were instructed to signalise the first suspicious movement by a certain alarm that had been previously agreed upon at headquarters. Captain Goddard also instructed the active police force to arrest all colored persons found on the street and search them for concealed weapons, and in case of finding any to take the parties to the watch-house; and if no weapons were found, to send such arrested persons to their homes without delay. As an evidence of the rigor with which this order was carried out, some watchmen arrested a colored man soon after 10 o'clock, and proceeded to search him, when he cried out, "Bress God, massa, no use to search dis nigger; I'se been searched free times afore to-night." He was cautioned to make tracks for home, and released. Permits to colored people to hold balls and festivals, which had been previously issued, were countermanded, and the Mayor and all the police force, as well as the clerks in the City Hall, were on the alert until daylight this morning.

A mounted patrol was detailed from the President's Mounted Guard, which scoured the suburbs until about two o'clock this morning, when they were relieved from duty.

Additional precautions were taken by Commissioner Blake and Capt. Dunnington to have the building properly secured, and the police belonging to the Capitol and grounds were furnished with revolvers. Capt. Dunnington remained at the Capitol until a late hour, and visited the place at intervals during the night.

The President, as a precautionary measure, called out, through the Mayor, the companies of the District regiment to be posted at the national (Columbian) and company armories for the protection of the government property. The order was promptly obeyed by the Adjutant of the District regiments, Major P. F. Bacon, in the absence from the city of Col. Hickey.

About midnight we made our way through the Maine avenue mud to the armory, and on entering the grounds were brought up with a round turn by a bit of sharp steel at the end of a murderous-looking tube levelled at our head, and by a sharp admonition to stand in our tracks. Not wishing to imperil a life of considerable value to our wife and baby (a boy), we promptly decided to do nothing rash, and waited until an order was obtained for our admission. Inside the armory, the ground floor drill-room, we found the soldiers on duty for the night variously disposed in groups, smoking, talking, &c., while waiting their turns to relieve the guard stationed about the building. The receipt now and then of a batch of telegraphic despatches from the "seat of war" served to while away the weary hours.

E. The heavy clang of the muskets upon the stone pavements as squads of the soldiers were called to relieve guard, the exchange of watchwords, the sharp challenges "Who goes there?" all served to give a military look to the whole proceedings. All access to the arms in the building not immediately in use had been cut off The companies, we may add, turned out with alacrity and cheerfulness, though not a few of the members were summoned from their beds. The force at the armory was dismissed at sunrise this morning.

JOHN BROWN'S CARPET BAG.

The *Herald* of Tuesday publishes a batch of letters found in John Brown's carpet bag, which go to show that his plans were known to some extent at the North. Six or seven of them are from a man at West Andover, Ashtabula Co., O., who signs himself "John Smith," and who evidently was an agent for procuring money and arms. He talks mysteriously of "mining operations," "missionary work," &c.—the phrases being understood to refer to some such movement as that at Harper's Ferry. In one of these letters, dated Oct. 1, he says:

"Yesterday I returned from a trip to Jefferson and Ashtabula, where I met with some success. *Our old friend J. R. G. took stock to the amount of* $300, *and, as he was just starting for Ravenna, said he would form an association there.* Monday next I shall start for Cleveland. Hope to find a letter from you at Mrs. Sturtevant's. You may depend upon it I have been and am yet 'straining every nerve' in furtherance of our cause. (Two phonographic characters, which might be made to read Parker Pillsbury) is here, and actually working in behalf of the mining operation."

The initials "J. R. G." are supposed to refer to Joshua R. Giddings. The letters are addressed to J. Henrie, Chamberburg, Pa., and speak of boxes forwarded to that place for "J. Smith and Sons" (John Brown). We presume "John Smith" is none other than one of John Brown's sons, as the letters are said to be in his handwriting. In one of his letters he sends copies of letters received by him from Boston and Concord, N. H., from "true friends." The following letter was addressed to John Henrie on the envelope, and dated Concord, Sept. 23, but on the inside the initials are "F. D.," and reads thus:

"F. D., Esq.—DEAR SIR: The undersigned feel it to be of the utmost importance that our cause be properly represented in a convention to come off right away (near) Chambersburg, in this State. We think you are the man of all others to represent us, and we severally pledge ourselves that in case you will come right on we will see your family well provided for during your absence, or until your safe return to them. Answer to us and to John Henrie, E q., Chambersburg, Pa., at once. We are ready to make you a remittance, if you go.

"We have now quite a number of good, but not very intelligent, representatives collected. Some of our members are ready to go on with you."

A diary, kept by John Brown, was also found in the carpet-bag. In this he speaks of writing at various times to Frederick Douglass, J. B. Grinnell, Horace Greeley & Co. (June 29, for *Tribune*), and others; but it contains nothing seriously implicating anybody, if we except the following memoranda:

NAMES OF MEN TO CALL UPON FOR ASSISTANCE.

Isaac J. White and Wm. Burgess, Carlisle, Cumberland Co., Pa.; Joseph A. Crowley, Elias Rouse and John Fidler, Bedford. Pa.; E. D. Bassett, 718 Lombard street, Philadelphia; John D. Scoville.

In the pockets of Kagi, who was shot before the taking of the arsenal, was found the following:

MONDAY.—Mr. Merriam came—went down with me to M. J—— [Last word illegible.]

TUESDAY.—Dimas returned to Mrs. Ritner's.
Wrote J. B., Jr.
Saw Watson and appointed meeting for Thursday eve.
Saw Carlisle about purchases.

WEDNESDAY.—Wrote Wm. Still.
Wrote to S. Jones sending men off. Guerrilla operations at Brownsville, Texas.
Leary and Coplin arrived.

THURSDAY.—Rec'd letter from Merriam dated Baltimore.

FRIDAY.—Sent telegram to Merriam at Baltimore.

SATURDAY.—[Blank.]

The correspondent of the *Herald*, writing from Harper's Ferry, Oct. 22, says:

"The Merriam referred to in the memoranda is supposed to be a man who stopped at the Wager House on Saturday last, bringing a heavy trunk, which was taken off in a wagon by one of Brown's sons and a negro man. Before leaving the hotel, he registered his name 'F. G. Merriam, Massachusetts,' and took dinner. He then procured paper and wrote a large number of letters, taking peculiar pains to prevent any one from seeing what he had written. It is supposed that he took some part in the doings of Sunday night, and escaped in company with Cook and his party. His face was very peculiarly marked with blotches, and a man answering his description exactly is known to have registered the name of 'J. Henry' at Chambersburg. It is conjectured that this man had charge of the procuring of the supplies of arms, ammunition, &c., for the 'provisional army.'

"A large bundle of letters, addressed to Charles P. Tidd, one of the dead filibusters, was found in a trunk at the house of Captain Cook's mother-in-law. Among them were several from his mother, who, it appears, lives with a second husband at or near Springdale, Iowa, breathing the most tender and affectionate spirit, and praying Heaven to bless and protect her 'dear child, Charles,' through all the dangers which he was about to pass, and begging him, if he escaped unharmed, to return at once to his home. All the letters are written in the Quaker style of 'theeing and thouing,' and are pervaded with a deeply religious tone. All approve and encourage the enterprise in which he is engaged as a holy cause, and exhort him to lead a life of piety. Many of the letters are in a feminine hand. One signed 'Emlen,' very prettily written and dated '8th month, 11th, 1859,' contains this sentence: 'Press nobly on, for by your instrumentality millions may have the pleasure of singing the song of liberty.'"

On Saturday a man was arrested at Carlisle, Pa., on the supposition that he was the "Capt. Cook" of Brown's party; but this proved to be a mistake. The man said his name was Hazlitt and denied being at Harper's Ferry. The Governor of Pennsylvania will be called upon to surrender him.

CARD FROM MR. GIDDINGS.

GIRARD HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 24, 1859.

While coming to this city, on Saturday, I first read a telegraphic despatch, from Washington, saying "that John Brown (the prisoner captured at Harper's Ferry) refused, in the presence of Senator Mason and Messrs. Faulkner and Vallandigham, to answer the question, whether he had consulted Mr. Giddings about his Virginia expedition?"

It is evident that the object of these gentlemen was not to obtain facts on which to predicate a charge of crime, or of any immoral or dishonorable act. Had such been their object, they would not have published what was *not* said; but they proclaim their suspicions, and by such inuendoes and insinuations seek to impugn the character of one who was not present.

I do not feel called upon to reply to such attempts to cast reproach upon myself. I say to these questioners, *gentlemen, I am your peer.* I have served my country as long, and I hope as honestly, as either of you; and you know, and the country knows, that any question you may propound to me touching the government, its past or present position, will be frankly, promptly and fully answered, to the extent of my knowledge and belief; and I pronounce this attempt to assail me dishonorable, unworthy of your positions, unworthy of honorable men.

But you must not expect to escape the responsibility of your own conduct by thus assailing one who has for years cautioned you of the results that must follow the efforts of yourselves and party to extend slavery, and your determined purpose to involve the people of the free States in the disgrace and crime of supporting an institution which all honest and independent men of those States repudiate No man of our nation has done more than one of you to produce the results which have recently attracted the attention of the people. They are the immediate and unmistakable effects of the efforts of yourselves and party to establish slavery in Kansas. Murderers there were rewarded by Executive appointments to office. Brown's sons were the victims of that despotism which your party exerted in favor of an institution which the people abhorred.

These facts do not rest on suspicion, nor on the refusal of a victim to answer any question. They rest upon the records and the history of the government itself. No evasion, no tergiversation, can change the enduring truths to which I refer. And you would better subserve the public good by exerting your influence and occupying your time in correcting the evils you and your party have brought upon the country than by vain efforts to involve others in the crimes which you and your associates have committed.

To the public I will say, *that Brown never consulted me in regard to his Virginia expedition, or any other expedition or matter whatever.* J. R. GIDDINGS.

GOV. WISE'S SPEECH.

Gov. Wise, on his return to Richmond, made a speech, from which we make some spicy extracts:

"When we arrived at Harper's Ferry, I found that there had been doubly more than ample force. The gallant volunteers of Jefferson were first on the ground, and soon after them the noble men of Berkeley were there. Farmers, with single and double barrelled shot guns, and with plantation rifles, were there. The people, with arms and without arms, rushed to the scene. For what? What had happened? What summoned them to shoulder muskets and snatch weapons as they could? What had disturbed their peace? What threatened their safety and to sully their honor? Alas! to the disgrace of the nation, not of Virginia—I repel all imputation upon her—but to the disgrace of somebody, fourteen white ruffians and five negroes had been permitted to take the United States arsenal, with all its arms and treasure, and to hold it for twenty-four hours, at that Thermopylæ of America, Harper's Ferry—on the confines of two slave States, with the avowed object of emancipating their slaves at every hazard, and the very perpetration of the seizure and the imprisonment of the inhabitants, and of robbery and murder and treason!"

"I would have given my right arm to its shoulder for that seat [the taking of the arsenal] to have been performed by the volunteers of Virginia on Monday before the marines arrived there (loud applause). But there was no cowardice or panic on the part of the inhabitants who were made prisoners, or on the part of the volunteers who first reached the scene. They were first bewildered by the surprise. They were caught unsuspecting, unarmed, and knew not what to make of the extraordinary thing. They could not, at first, conceive what it meant. They, more than 100 of them, were prisoners before they realized the purpose of the invaders, and then they could not ascertain their numbers, and could not but believe that they were in very considerable force to attempt so daring an act. And so thought the volunteers, who had but few arms, no cartridges, and no training, and who were wholly ignorant of the force they had to overcome, and who felt for their neighbors and friends, the prisoners, with great anxiety, after seeing how remorselessly Turner and Beckham had been shot down. The prisoners were the walls of the marauders—stronger, with our volunteers, than brick and mortar. They loved Washington, and Alstadt, and Mills, and other prisoners, and wouldn't risk their lives. This was wrong, but natural, and not cowardly. I chided them for their mistake, and told them that, had I arrived there in time, I would have stormed the stronghold in the shortest possible time; and that if Gen. George Washington had been one of the prisoners, and even his life had been imperilled by the attack, it should not have been delayed five minutes. Such was my sense of degradation at allowing these marauders to hold that arsenal, with its prisoners, for five minutes, I would not have parleyed with them a moment—I would have ordered the attack and led it (tremendous applause). I would proudly have risked my life to have gotten my guard there in time, and to have taken the place with our own Virginia boys (applause). I was ready to weep when I found the whole force overcome was only some twelve or fifteen men, and the Virginia volunteers had not captured them before Col. Lee arrived."

"They are themselves mistaken who take Old Brown to be a madman. He is a bundle of the best nerves I ever saw cut and thrust and bleeding and in bonds. He is a man of clear head, of courage, fortitude and simple ingenuousness. He is cool, collected and indomitable, and it is but just to him to say that he was humane to his prisoners, as attested to me by Col. Washington and Mr. Mills, and he inspired me with great trust in his integrity as a man of truth. He is a fanatic, vain and garrulous, but firm, truthful and intelligent. His men, too, who survive, except the free negroes with him, are like him. He professes to be a Christian in communion with the Congregationalist Church of the North, and openly preaches his purpose of universal emancipation, and the negroes themselves were to be the agents, by means of arms, led on by white commanders. When Col. Washington was taken, his watch and plate, and jewels, and money were demanded, to create what they called a 'safety fund,' to compensate the liberators for the trouble and expense of taking away his slaves. This, by a law, was to be done with all slaveholders. Washington, of course, refused to deliver up anything, and it is remarkable that the only thing of material value which they took, besides his slaves, was the sword of Frederick the Great, which was sent to General Washington. This was taken by Stephens to Brown, and the latter commanded his men with that sword in his fight against the peace and safety of Washington's native State. He promised Col. Washington to return it to him when he was done with it. And Colonel Washington says that he (Brown) was the coolest and firmest man he ever saw in defying danger and death. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand, and held the rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm, and to sell their lives as dear as they could. Of the three white prisoners—Brown, Stephens and Coppie—it is hard to say which was most firm; and of the two negroes, it was hard to say which seemed the most cowardly and false. The North Carolina negro offered to betray all persons involved in the affair if spared, and the Canada negro—who was, I believe, a member of their Provisional Congress—was a crouching craven, who lied, as Brown said, for his life."

"I received into my keeping a large mass of papers and correspondence, which discloses pretty clearly their whole plan of operations, and exposes many names implicated in their crimes. We got all, perhaps, except a clothes bag of papers, which was taken and carried off very improperly by some one of the Baltimore troops. The originals of these I will try to have restored for the trial of the prisoners. Among others papers I found a letter of credit from one of the banks in the State of New York, informing Brown that Gerrit Smith had placed to his (Brown's) credit $100. That is now in possession of the Assistant Prosecuting Attorney at Charlestown. It would not become me to counsel or countenance any one in doing to Gerrit Smith what Stephens and his party did to Col. Washington—take him out of his bed at night and smuggle him off from home; but if any one should bring him to me, by fair or foul means, I will read him a moral lecture and send him back to his home if innocent, or secure him a fair and impartial trial if guilty of aiding and abetting these murders, robberies and treason" (laughter and applause).

"The United States served warrants for two cases of murder and for treason against the United States; but there was no difficulty about jurisdiction. I told the officers of the United States that they might have the bodies of the prisoners after Virginia tribunals were done with them. I would not have delivered up these prisoners to any claim of priority of jurisdiction if the President of the United States had ordered (loud applause). But there was no issue of jurisdiction, and there was no occasion for any except as to the pardoning power. I will protect and guard the prisoners with the law, and the mercy, and the might of our sovereignty"

LATEST PARTICULARS.

The prisoners, John Brown, Aaron C. Stephens and Edwin Coppie (white persons), and Shields Green and John Copland (colored), were arraigned on Tuesday, at Charlestown, Va., for examination upon charges of conspiracy to make rebellion and open war upon the Commonwealth of Virginia, and also for the murder of F. Beckham, G. W. Turner, Thomas Boerly, Luke Quinn (marine), and Heyward Sheppard (colored). Col. Davenport presided over the Bench of examining Magistrates. The prisoners were conducted from the jail under a guard of eighty armed men. A guard was also stationed around the court. The court-house was bristling with bayonets on all sides. Charles B. Harding, E-q., acted as attorney for the county, assisted by Andrew Hunter, Counsel for the Commonwealth. Brown and Edwin Coppie were manacled together. Brown seemed weak and haggard, with eyes swollen from the effects of wounds on the head. Coppie was uninjured. Stephens seemed less injured than Brown, but looked haggard and depressed. Both have a number of wounds on the head. John Copland is a bright mulatto, about twenty-five years old, and Shields Green is a dark negro, aged about thirty.

The Court then inquired if the prisoners had counsel?

In reply Old Brown addressed the court as follows:

VIRGINIANS—I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken. I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State of Virginia tendered me his assurance that I should have a fair trial; but under no circumstances whatever will I be able to have a fair trial. If you seek my blood, you can have it at any moment, without this mockery of a trial. I have had no counsel; I have not been able to advise with any one. I know nothing about the feelings of my fellow-prisoners, and am utterly unable to attend in any way to my own defence. My memory don't serve me; my health is insufficient, although improving. There are mitigating circumstances that I would urge in our favor, if a fair trial is to be allowed us; but if we are to be forced with a mere form—a trial for execution—you might spare yourselves that trouble. I am ready for my fate. I do not ask a trial. I beg for no mockery of a trial—no insult—nothing but that which conscience gives, or cowardice would drive you to practise. I ask again to be excused from the mockery of a trial. I do not even know what the special design of this examination is. I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the Commonwealth. I have now little further to ask, other than that I may not be foolishly insulted only as cowardly barbarians insult those who fall into their power.

At the conclusion of Brown's remarks, the Court assigned Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts as counsel for the prisoners. The first-named gentleman, after a brief consultation with Brown and the others, addressed the Court as follows:

Mr. FAULKNER—I was about to remark to the Court that, although I feel at any time willing to discharge any duty which the Court can legally claim, and, by authority of law, devolve upon me, I am not aware of any authority which this Court has, sitting as an Examining Court, to assign counsel for the defence. Besides, it is manifest, from the remarks just made by one of the prisoners, that he regards the appearance of counsel under such circumstances, not as a *bona fide* act, but rather as a mockery. Under these circumstances, I do not feel disposed to assume the responsibility of that position. I have other reasons for declining the position, connected with my having been at the place of action and hearing all the admissions of the prisoners, which render is improper and inexpedient for me to act as counsel. If the Court had authority to order it peremptorily, I should acquiesce and obey that authority. I am not aware that there is any such power vested in this Court; but as it is the prisoners' desire, I will see that full justice is done them.

Mr. BOTTS said he did not feel it to be his duty to decline the appointment of the Court. He was prepared to do his best to defend the prisoners, and he hoped the Court would assign some experienced assistant in case Mr. Faulkner persisted in his declination.

Mr. HARDING addressed Brown, and asked him if he was willing to accept Messrs. Faulkner and Botts as his counsel.

Mr. BROWN replied: I wish to say that I have sent for counsel. I did apply, through the advice of some persons here, to some persons whose names I do not now recollect, to act as counsel for me, and I have sent for other counsel who have had no possible opportunity to see me. I wish for counsel if I am to have a trial; but if I am to have nothing but the mockery of a trial, as I said, I do not care anything about counsel. It is unnecessary to trouble any gentleman with that duty.

Mr. HARDING—You are to have a fair trial.

Mr. BROWN—There were certain men—I think Mr. Botts was one of them—who declined acting as counsel, but I am not positive about it. I cannot remember whether he was one, because I have heard so many names. I am a stranger here; I do not know the disposition or character of the gentlemen named. I have applied for counsel of my own, and doubtless could have them, if I am not, as I said before, to be hurried to execution before they can reach me. But if that is the disposition that is to be made of me, all this trouble and expense can be saved.

Mr. HARDING—The question is, do you desire the aid of Messrs. Faulkner and Botts as your counsel? Please to answer Yes or No.

Mr. BROWN—I cannot regard this as an examination under any circumstances. I would prefer that they should exercise their own pleasure. I feel as if it was a matter of very little account to me. If they had designed to assist me as counsel, I should have wanted an opportunity to consult them at my leisure.

Mr. HARDING—Stevens, are you willing those gentlemen should act as your counsel?

Mr. STEPHENS—I am willing that gentleman shall (pointing to Mr. Botts).

Mr. HARDING—Do you object to Mr. Faulkner?

Mr. STEPHENS—No. I am willing to take both.

Mr. HARDING addressed each of the other prisoners separately, and each stated his willingness to be defended by the counsel named.

The Court issued a peremptory order that the Press should not publish detailed testimony, as it would render the getting of a jury before the Circuit Court impossible.

The examination then proceeded, but it was only a mere form, to bring the case properly before the Grand Jury.

A. M. Kittmiller gave the particulars of his being taken prisoner and locked up. He subsequently had several interviews with Brown, who always treated them with a great deal of respect and courtesy; he endeavored to ascertain from Brown what object he had in view, and he repeatedly told him his only object was to free the slaves, and he was willing to fight the pro-slavery men to accomplish that object.

Armistead Ball declared the particulars of his arrest by the insurgents. I had an interview, after his arrest, with Brown, who stated that he had come for no child's play, and was prepared to carry out his designs; that his object was not to make war against the people, and they would not be injured if they remained quiet; his object was to place the United States arms in the hands of the black men, and he proposed to free all the slaves in the vicinity; Brown repeatedly said his whole object was to release the slaves; I asked him if some plan could not be arranged for the liberation of myself and the other prisoners? he said we could only be released by furnishing able-bodied slaves in the place of each; Capt. Brown told the prisoners, when the charge of the marines was about being made, that though he did not intend to injure them himself, they should equally occupy the post of danger with himself; that if they were not dear enough to their fellow-citizens to accept the terms he had proposed to secure their safety, they must be barbarians; Coppie, on the other hand, told witness and friends to get behind the engines; that he did not wish to see any of them injured; one of the insurgents (Beckham) I heard say, "I have dropped him"; I did not see Capt. Brown fire once from the engine-house; do not think he fired once; Green fired several times; the prisoners never were unreasonably exposed.

John Alstadt thinks Brown fired several times; knows he saw him with a gun levelled; saw all the prisoners except the yellow man, Copland; think that Capt. Brown shot the marine who was killed; saw him fire.

This is but a part of the testimony, the examination ending in a transfer of the prisoners to the Circuit Court for trial. The Grand Jury, under direction of the Court, immediately proceeded to hear the complaint, and it was expected that the indictments would be ready on Wednesday morning. The following are extracts from despatches dated Tuesday:

There is an evident intention to hurry the trial through, and execute the prisoners as soon as possible, fearing attempts to rescue them. In the case of servile insurrection, thirty days are not required between conviction and execution, as in other capital convictions.

It is rumored that Brown is desirous of making a full statement of his motives and intentions through the press, but the Court has refused all further access to him by reporters, fearing that he may put forth something calculated to influence the public mind and to have a bad effect on the slaves.

Coppie says that he had a brother in the party, and that Brown had three sons in it. Also that there were two other persons, named Taylor and Hazlitt, engaged, so that, including Cook, five have escaped, twelve were killed and five captured, making twenty-two in all.

Capt. Brown's object in refusing the aid of counsel is that if he has counsel, he will not be allowed to speak himself, and Southern counsel will not be willing to express his views.

The reason given for hurrying the trial is that the people of the whole county are kept in a state of excitement, and a large armed force is required to prevent attempts at rescue.

It is presumed that they will demand separate trials. After conviction, but a few days will be given them before their execution.

It is thought that all but Brown will make a full confession.

The prisoners as brought into the Court presented a pitiable sight, Brown and Stephens being unable to stand without assistance. Brown has three sword stabs in his body and one sabre cut over the head. Stephens had three balls in his head and had two in his breast, and one in his arm. He was also cut on the forehead with a rifle bullet, which glanced off, leaving a bad wound. **

CHARLESTOWN, Wednesday, Oct. 26, 1859.

Brown has made no confession; but, on the contrary, says he has full confidence in the goodness of God, and is confident that he will rescue him from the perils that surround him. He says he has had rifles levelled at him, knives at his throat, and his life in as great peril as it now is, but that God has always been at his side. He knows God is with him, and fears nothing.

Alex. R. Boteler, member elect of Congress for this District, has collected from 50 to 100 letters from the citizens of the neighborhood of Brown's house, who searched it before the arrival of the marines. The letters are in the possession of Andrew Hunter, E-q., who has a large number of letters obtained from Brown's house by the marines and other parties. Among them is a roll of the conspirators, containing 47 signatures; also, a receipt from Horace Greeley for letters, &c., received from Brown, and an accurately traced map from Chambersburg to Brown's house; copies of letters from Brown, stating that as the arrival of too many men at once would excite suspicion, they should arrive singly; a letter from Merriam stating that of the twenty thousand wanted, G. S. was good for one-fifth; also, a letter from J. E. Cook, stating that the Maryland election was about to come off, the people will become excited, and we will get some of the candidates that will join our side.

A despatch, dated at Washington on Tuesday, says:

"A letter received this morning from Richmond states that Gov. Wise, of Virginia, will make a demand upon Gov. Gov. Morgan, of New York, for the rendition of Gerrit Smith, he being implicated in the affair at Harper's Ferry."

Cook, whose escape to the mountains (it was supposed with a company of fugitive slaves) has been mentioned, was arrested near Chambersburg, Pa., on Tuesday. He came out of the mountain into the settlement to obtain provisions, and was much fagged down and almost starved. He was imprisoned to await a requisition from Gov. Wise.

A special despatch to *The Tribune*, dated Philadelphia, Oct. 26th, says:

"F. J. Merriam, of Boston, who had some connection with the affair at Harper's Ferry, but who escaped before the taking of the Arsenal, has since died of his wounds. He was hurriedly buried in this State by fugitive slaves."

LATEST DESPATCHES.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26.

The excitement is unabated, and crowds of persons from the surrounding country are here. The event is regarded as proving the faithfulness of the slaves, and no fears are entertained of them; but a military guard is kept up, fearing an attempt to rescue the prisoners.

A true bill was read against each prisoner:

First: For conspiring with negroes to produce an insurrection.

Second: For treason to the Commonwealth; and,

Third: For murder.

The prisoners were brought into Court accompanied by a body of armed men. They passed through the streets and entered the court-house without the slightest demonstrations on the part of the people.

Brown looked something better, and his eye was not so much swollen. Stephens had to be supported, and reclined on a mattress on the floor of the court-room, evidently unable to sit. He has the appearance of a dying man, breathing with great difficulty.

The prisoners were compelled to stand during the arraignment, but it was with difficulty, Stephens being held upright by two bailiffs.

The reading of the indictment occupied about twenty minutes; each of the prisoners responded to the question "Not Guilty," and desired to be tried separately.

Cannon are stationed in front of the court-house, and an armed guard is patrolling around the jail.

Capt. Brown has consented to allow Mr. Botts and his assistant, Mr. Green, to act as his counsel, they assuring him that they will defend him faithfully, and give him the advantage of every privilege that the law will allow.

Stephens declares that he does not desire to be defended by Northern counsel, preferring Southern, and that the Court should name them.

[The Court, when last heard from, was considering the application of Capt. Brown for a postponement of his trial for a few days.]

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

TO DONORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or the Publisher of THE STANDARD, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Subscribers in arrears, to whom bills have been sent, are also requested to made prompt payment.

THE INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY.

WE have devoted a considerable portion of this week's STANDARD to the most authentic details we have been able to collect of the extraordinary events which occurred ten days ago at Harper's Ferry. Though our readers, many of them, may have learned them all from other sources, we think it proper to give as connected a narration as may be of so remarkable an occurrence, as eminently a part of the business of an Anti-Slavery journal, the organ of the National Anti-Slavery Society. The rather as the movement is treated, at least by Southern and Southside newspapers, as one of the Abolitionists—of which sect of sinners we claim to be of the chief. To what share of the credit, or the blame, of that attempt we are entitled, we propose to consider, as well as to express our opinions as to its nature and consequences.

That the Abolitionists of the American Anti-Slavery Society were in a sense, and a very main one, the occasion of this affair, we neither can nor would deny. We do not know that John Brown or any one of his party was a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society, or had ever acted with it in any way. But we do know that, had it not been for the persistent agitation of the slavery question by the founders and members of that Society for more than a quarter of a century, John Brown would not have been the hater of slavery that he is, nor would his abhorrence have been driven to take the shape which has just made its bloody mark on the history of the country. The Anti-Slavery Movement, of which the American Society is the head and front, is responsible in this sense for all the outrages to which the slaveholders have been driven by the consciousness of how fatal discussion and light must be to their tyranny. This danger has made necessary the Annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, the Fugitive Slave Bill, the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the enormities in Kansas, and as necessarily aroused the antagonistic passions which these villanies have naturally excited. Out of the fiery furnace thus kindled came forth the spirits of John Brown and his companions in arms, as well as multitudes of others tempered variously for the infinitely varied necessities of the conflict.

But the American Anti-Slavery Society, as such, is in no wise accountable for the attack on Harper's Ferry and the attempt at arousing an insurrection of the slaves there. A fundamental constitution of the Society expressly excludes this method of dealing with slavery from the sphere of its operations. In all our associated action, in our organized expression of opinion, in the line of agitation laid down for our agents, editorial, lecturing or otherwise, we have kept good faith with each other in this particular. Beyond the limits of the Society, outside of its associated action, every member is remitted to his individual views of duty in this and all other particulars. The Society is a confederation of persons of all manner of political and religious opinions, fighting men and peace men, orthodox and heterodox, protectionists and free-traders, Disunionists, Republicans and Democrats, who are agreed in hatred of slavery and willing to work together to attempt its abolition by acting on the hearts and consciences, the moral sense and the common sense, of the nation so as to create such a public sentiment as will endure slavery no longer. We agree to differ as to all other matters of opinion, and to refrain from attacking each other's methods of action outside of the Society, excepting so far as they tend to the countenance and comfort of slavery. We are well content with the results of our policy thus far, which has made the ideas of Slavery and Anti-Slavery the predominant ones of the nation, and developed that conflict between them which extends itself into every field of national action, political and religious, and which, we believe, can end only in the overthrow of slavery.

In their private capacity the members of the American Anti-Slavery Society have widely differing views as to the best way of dealing with slavery, other than the mere moral means, as to the use of which they are of one mind. The majority hold that the Constitution of the United States contains such conditions of pro-slavery service that they cannot swear to perform them or vote for others to do so for them. Others feel free to act and vote with such political parties as they think the most useful in an anti slavery point of view. Many are of opinion that the existing great religious denominations are so hopelessly pro-slavery that they can consistently have no fellowship with such unfruitful works of darkness. But there are others who think that they can do better anti-slavery service by remaining in their religious connections and maintaining a constant agitation for their purification and reformation. All these differing opinions are subjects of the freest discussion in the meetings of the Society, but the holding of any of them, however diverse from those of the majority, is no ground of exclusion or separation from its membership or from general coöperation. So it is with the questions of the recovery of their rights by the slaves by insurrection and of interposition from without to assist or promote such rising. Some believe all measures of that violent and bloody nature are inherently wrong and hurtful to the object they are set on foot to advance, while others maintain that there is nothing morally wrong in them in themselves, and that the question reduces itself to one of times and seasons, of feasibilities and probabilities. But we are all agreed that none of our organized influence or action as a Society shall be expended in that direction.

In point of fact, we apprehend, the great majority of the members of the American Anti-Slavery Society hold the opinions on this subject of almost all persons of liberal views everywhere—of all Northern men, excepting the basest sycophants of the slaveholders—to wit, that the slaves have the same natural right of insurrection which inheres in all oppressed peoples, which right becomes a duty whenever there is a just and rational probability of success. The right of assisting them when engaged in a struggle for their liberties is the same in their case as in that of our own Revolution, or of the Greek or Italian insurrections. It is one which is qualified and regulated by good sense and good judgment, and is justly liable to examination and criticism in the light of both. It is a very serious responsibility to take upon oneself that of assisting, yet more of exciting, an insurrectionary movement among an oppressed race; because, in case of failure, the chances of future success are diminished and the condition of the suffering class made yet harder than before. While, therefore, we acknowledge the natural right of John Brown and his companions to go to the assistance of the slaves, or even to go and attempt to arouse them to resistance, we have also a right to consider whether there was such a reasonable probability of success as would justify the risking of their own lives and the lives of other men in the attempt.

To look at the disastrous issue of this affair, one would think that there could be but one opinion on the subject. No insurrection was created; no men, white or black, came to their aid. Of the men engaged in the movement all but three are either already dead or in the hands of their executioners. On the other side, a handful of slaves were carried off and three harmless railway *employés* and one marine killed. The balance certainly does not seem to incline in favor of the wisdom of the invading party. To look at this state of things, it is no wonder that it is characterized as an insane attempt, and John Brown as a madman. But we must remember that we do not know, and perhaps never shall know, all the facts of the case. Captain Brown certainly showed himself anything but a madman in Kansas. And his whole demeanor since his captivity, as well as his coolness and courage during the conflict, which have won the admiration of the men he had so greatly alarmed and incensed, prove that, if mad, there is extraordinary method in his madness. We believe him to be an enthusiast, a fanatic if you will, but in no proper sense of the word a madman. He intimates in his conversations in prison that he had reason to expect help that did not come, and the preparations he had made of arms and munitions of war make this supposition the more probable. He probably, like most men of his temperament, believed other men made like himself, and trusted to the existence of a degree of spirit among the slaves he had come to deliver, which many generations of hereditary servitude had ground out of them. What he strongly wished he believed. Hence his attempt. Those on whom he relied for help failed him. Hence his discomfiture.

But had all gone as we may suppose, from his preparations, he had expected, were his chances of success such as to justify the risk of the attempt? He had arms, of one kind and another, for about twenty-five hundred men. Supposing this number had rallied around his standard, how long could he have held his own? We admit that he would have been able to manage all the resistance that Virginia could bring into the field. The utter incompetency of a slaveholding community to defend itself was demonstrated at Harper's Ferry in the most conclusive manner. Could Capt. Brown have been left to fight out his battle with even so small a force as this, and none but Virginians and Marylanders to oppose him, he might have held the country and perhaps carried his point. But he very much misunderstood the temper of the North if he reckoned on any such neutrality there. Had President Buchanan called for volunteers, as he of course would were the movement beyond the troops he could immediately command, it is not too much to say that within a week a hundred thousand men would have been on the ground, from this State and Pennsylvania alone. Mr. Edward Everett is by no means the only patriot who would sooner shoulder his musket and buckle on his knapsack to suppress an insurrection of slaves than in any other cause. It would be a service involving little danger, sure of good pay and excellent for the laying up of political capital for future use. And should the insurgents take to the mountains and carry on a guerilla warfare, which a small force can maintain for a long time against a large one, the Congress about to assemble would have authorized the employment of any necessary number of men to hunt them out and keep the slaves quiet. We venture to affirm that such provision would have been made with scarcely a dissenting vote, if one, in a Congress so largely consisting of Republicans. Indeed, we do not see how they could help themselves.

Great terror and consternation would have pervaded the slaveholding States during such a warfare, of course, as it does now because of the defeated invasion of John Brown and his twenty. But the slaves would have been no nearer their deliverance than they are now. The only effect such a war would have had upon their condition would be to hasten their movement to the cotton-raising States—which is already in the course of rapid accomplishment under the stimulation of the high price of cotton. A successful servile insurrection in a country where the whites outnumber the blacks, and where there is the vast army of reserve quartered all over the free States ready and eager to be called into action on such a quarrel, we believe to be a political and a military impossibility; unless, indeed, it should be backed up by the presence of a large invading force of one of the great European powers, in case of a national war with either of them. But the knowledge of this danger will prevent the United States from ever engaging in any such war, under any provocation, as long as the Slave Power rules the country, as it has done for the last seventy years. Setting aside, therefore, all consideration of the moral aspects of insurrection, and looking at it merely as a means proper, if feasible, for the deliverance of the slaves, we think the founders of the American Anti-Slavery Society did wisely in excluding it from the sphere of their possible action. We think it is a waste of the lives of brave men to expend them in attempts which have no reasonable chance of delivering the slaves, and which only make their present condition worse than it was before. But we do not believe that our advice, nor yet the alarm of the Republican leaders at the damage likely to ensue to their party from such attempts, will prevent a repetition of them. The outrages of the slaveholding party in Kansas have informed more souls than those of John Brown and his dead with an undying hatred. The manifest weakness of the slave-country within reach of the mountain range which is the vertebral column of the continent, so closely demonstrated in this affair, is but too inviting to fresh attacks. The ghosts of John Brown and those that died with or before him will not stalk unavenged forever about the scene of their downfall.

We do not think, therefore, that the consternation this daring attempt has evidently spread over the Southern country is altogether an absurd or ill-grounded panic. Gov. Wise and Mr. Mason and the other Virginian magnates who have visited Capt. Brown in prison have evidently left him with feelings of admiration and astonishment. Such were the sentiments which Mr. Washington and the other involuntary witnesses of his conduct during the siege of the Arsenal confessedly entertain for him. Such a character it had never entered into their hearts or minds to conceive of. Here were twenty men, with such a man at their head, who had dared to make a desperate attempt like this, and to defy the State of Virginia and the United States, on a simple question of human rights—the rights not of themselves, but of the most despised and down-trodden of the inhabitants of the land; men, who had risked and s

flowed, and the place where the lightning struck is wild with fear.

The insanity of this recent attempt to rectify the great Wrong is perfect wisdom compared with our folly if we give no thoughtful heed to the warning. Most especially does it become the South to pause and consider, if indeed, liable as the South is, as this late event shows, to be crazed with terror, it be capable of calm reflection. Indeed, I doubt whether the reason of the South will not totter and utterly fall under the fearful imminency of the peril to which it feels itself every moment exposed. The assertion of the divinity of slavery—does it not betray the fled wits of those who make it? Only the more important is it that we at the North, we who, though implicated in the sin, helping, with less excuse, to perpetuate it, are yet, through no merit or ability of our own, but by the Providence of God, so situated as to be able to think more calmly—only the more important is it that we should put away all procrastination and cowardice, and see how the fearful case stands.

It is a terrible thing to hear of a servile insurrection headed by white men. But there is a more terrible thing than that, an insurrection headed by men of unmixed African blood, or blood not sufficiently mixed with the blood of the white man to pulsate in sympathy with the whole race. Will white prisoners then be taken and treated with courtesy? The blacks, we say, are an inferior race, near the brute; only the more brutal then will be their revenge, should there rise up among them an individual who, by some magic of superstition, may gain over that gentle and pacific race a species of supernatural influence and breathe into them the reckless bravery of despair and the frenzy of a demoniac inspiration.

But there is another thing to be considered. When the possibility of a servile insurrection occurs to us, we think only of the cruelties that may be inflicted upon the free whites. But, as the recent outbreak warns us, the cruelties practised will not all be on one side. There is nothing so cruel as fear. Terror drives men, like a supernatural influence, into the bloodiest atrocities. It is now well understood that the horrors of the old French Revolution, the execution of the King and Queen, and the rivers of blood that gushed from the prisons in that September of terrible memory, all were the results of the panic which struck the nation at the tidings of all Europe rising up in arms and coming to destroy it. Already, as we know, the most barbarous tortures are inflicted—burnings alive—upon slaves who show the slightest disposition to turn against the despotism that crushes them. The heart sickens, the imagination shrinks from the pictures that may be realized in our guilty land.

But, friends, dear friends, the Spirit of a Divine Humanity still lives among us, although it comes without observation, or is observed only to be misrepresented and persecuted. No longer seek to drive it away from you as a thing accursed and hateful. It is the Spirit of the living God of Justice and of Mercy. Behold! it stands with outstretched arms and weeps as Jesus wept over Jerusalem. Hearken, for in the events which are occurring amongst us, it speaks—speaks with an audible voice: O thou young and mighty nation, dwelling here in the garden of the Lord, and crowned with his bounties, if, in this thy day, thou only knew the things that belong to thy peace, how would I gather you as a bird gathereth her brood under her wings! Hide not thyself any longer from thine own flesh. Trample thy brother no longer in the dust. Lift him up to the god-like dignity of manhood. Dash off his chains, and fling far from thee the cruel rod of oppression. And then the cloud of terror and blood which hangs over thee, growing blacker and blacker, shall all pass away, and thy light, which is now hidden, shall shine far and wide over the earth, and I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations. Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, nor destruction within thy borders, but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation and thy gates Praise. Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. The people also shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land forever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.

SALLIE HOLLEY IN MAINE.

"PINE TREE COT," ELLSWORTH, Me., Oct. 20, 1859.

DEAR MR. MAY: We are still, as you see, lingering "Down East," in the midst of abounding hospitality. The welcome has surpassed our brightest anticipation. Indeed, our Maine visit would have been quite incomplete without we had come to this eastern boundary. Very many hopes are expressed in Eastport, Machias, Ellsworth, &c., that Mr. Garrison himself will yet make a tour to this region. And when he comes, I trust you will be sure to accompany him. It would be music to your ear, melody in your heart, to hear Mr. Garrison spoken of, so generally, by people of "property and standing," as "a man and a brother." Such a recognition of the Anti-Slavery movement we *do* accept "as an omen and pledge of a good time to come, when manliness and honesty, and a ready sympathy for the oppressed and suffering, shall be the rule, and not, as now, the exception."

Last Monday evening it was my honor to present, for the third time, to an Ellsworth audience, our dear Anti-Slavery Cause. The kindest attention was given. One more wave of sympathy rose for the weary slave. This week we are again the contented guests of Geo. S. Smith, Esq., where also you and Mr. G. are invited in advance. Our lovely friend Mrs. Smith gives us a rarely cordial reception to her "sweet, sweet home."

Six days at the sea-side in Gouldsboro', the birth-place of Robert Gould Shaw, was exceedingly pleasant and grateful to us. I gave four lectures in that neighborhood. The October weather was radiant and refreshing, day and night. There we found *The Liberator*, which Miss C. L. Hill prizes and admires with all the fond zeal of an old Abolitionist. When you and Mr. Garrison come to Maine, you must by no manner of means pass by pretty, sea-shore Gouldsboro'.

SALLIE HOLLEY.

PERSONAL.

The Paris correspondent of *The Evening Post* says, in his last letter:

"Senator Sumner leaves for England, on his way to the United States, to-morrow or next day. He is much better than when I met him last spring at Naples, and even better than he was here in the summer, though I cannot but think that the chances for an entire re-establishment of his health would be improved by another year's absence from the cares and excitements which will haunt him in the United States."

Felix O. C. Darley, the versatile and skilful draughtsman, whose illustrations of "Margaret" and other works are so much admired, was married last week in Cambridge to a daughter of the late Warren Colburn. At the reunion which followed the ceremony a large and distinguished party assembled, among whom were Longfellow, Lowell, Dr. Sparks, Dr. Walker and other celebrities.

Rev. Antoinette B. Blackwell preached at Lyric Hall, 765 Broadway, on Sunday evening last. The hall was not large enough by half to accommodate those who rushed to hear her. Mrs. Blackwell's discourse was an unfolding of her own religious experience and a statement of her reasons for assuming the office of a religious teacher. She will preach in the same place every Sunday evening till further notice. We have thus one more anti-slavery pulpit in New York.

The New York Observer, alluding to some passages in a recent sermon of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and to portions of Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing," says:

"It is no cause for wonder to us that these two gifted and distinguished persons have at last taken their position deliberately and decisively with the opponents of evangelical Christianity. Their influence has for many years been on the side of error and against the truth. It is better for the Church that they should define their position as they have now distinctly done, and hereafter we shall know where to find them, and what to expect when they address the public."

We have just received a letter from THEODORE PARKER, dated Montreux, Switzerland, Sept. 26, from which we give the following extract:

"I intend to pass the winter in Rome, from the end of October to the end of March. In many respects I am better than when I left New York. I have gained nearly twenty pounds of flesh since I reached Europe, if the scales are correct, going up from 140 to 158 1-3 pounds. The increase of strength is quite equal to the gain in weight. But the ugly cough is a good deal worse than when I left New England, and the voice feebler and yet more good-for-nothing. I am always cheerful, but do not run over with animal life as formerly, when I had rather run than walk, and rather jump than run. I shall never preach again, I suppose, and accordingly have resigned my ministerial place in Boston, with what disappointment and sorrow of heart you may well guess. But 'Thy will be done' has ever been my chief, if not my only prayer. The KINGDOM will come, perhaps better without me than with my interference. So I complain not. Life seems rather dull, as you may suppose, when I must turn all my energies on myself, and use the whole of my steam to help fire up my own engine. But I can't help it, and so make the best of a calamity. I live in the handsomest part of Switzerland, the handsomest country in the world, and in the midst of the happiest people."

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.....No. XV.

SEPTEMBER, 26, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: My last letter had not travelled five miles towards you when the news arrived of two misfortunes; the accident on board the Great Eastern, which will defer her visit to the United States, and the forcible breach of treaty by the Chinese, which constitutes a violent declaration of war. The first of these calamities will be soon forgotten, except by the friends of the five dead men. There will be no more carelessness, or divided responsibility, after such a warning; and the great ship will be safer and more trusted than ever, in consequence of such a proof of her strength. The expense of repairs is more than defrayed by the visitors who have been admitted at half-a-crown a head; and thus the shareholders will be satisfied. Five lives have been paid down as the cost of greater security to fifty thousand. It seems as if the good might have been had without the mortal fine; but now that it is paid, and the families of the men looked after, as far as their material welfare is concerned, we have to see that the lesson is properly learned, and never forgotten. Thus the first incident will pass on. The China business is a very grave one; and it may concern your country as much as mine. It brings to mind an old story. A quarter of a century ago, we used to call one of the noblest statesmen who ever served his country by the name of "the conqueror of China." I don't know how much is known in the United States of Thomas Drummond, inventor of the Drummond light, and one of the foremost scientific men of his time, but more valued by us for his labors in the redemption of Ireland, in which cause he died worn out, after having done more for Ireland than any one man besides had then been able to do. Before he went there, and while he was Lord Althorp's Secretary, in the Grey Cabinet, he used to lament, with great gravity, that we should have to conquer China, sooner or later. No man had a stronger disrelish of conquest, or more heartily regretted each inevitable extension of the Company's Indian territory; but he had no hope that the Chinese would voluntarily open their country to the trade of the world, or be inoffensive to European nations while its own people learned the arts of commerce. We should have to conquer China, Lieut. Drummond told us so long ago; and the time seems to be at hand. Rajah Brooke was of opinion, last year, that the only way to have peace and commercial intercourse with China was to take part with the rebels. Lord Elgin, who found the rebels in a declining condition, thinks otherwise. He has a strong impression, however, that we shall have little trouble with the people of China, when once we can obtain frank intercourse with them. To do this, we must thrust aside the tyrannical officials who delude the Emperor, and oppress his subjects; and our business, and that of the governments who are joined with us in the enterprise, is to hold the Emperor to the treaty declared to have been signed by himself, and to see that his people and ours have the benefit of it. The delay, and the necessity of war, however short, are very grievous; but our course is clear enough, and the benefits to all parties as certain as anything future can be. We do not want, nor desire, an inch of territory, as territory; and we shall not "conquer China" as either an enemy or a prey. It will be to compel the faithless and selfish few to fulfil their recorded promises on behalf of the many.

One of the first considerations, after the arrival of the news, was of how it would affect our relations with France. Amidst a good deal of speculation, it seems to be thought, on the whole, that the event will favor peace between England and France during the Chinese enterprise, only to leave the state of things worse at last. It seems shocking that it should be so, when there is no shadow of a cause for war, and no disposition to quarrel on the part of either nation. We believe the French people to be as averse to quarrelling as we are (and one cannot say more); and yet we never go on for a month together without some trouble arising which gives occasion to talk of war. From the fettered condition of the French press, every manifestation in certain newspapers is regarded as sanctioned by the Emperor and his government, who know what is about to appear, and intercept what they disapprove. In these newspapers there is, every two or three weeks, some declaration so hostile to England as to set all Europe speculating, invariably followed by a lecture to all Europe for being so suspicious, captious and troublesome! If the French people knew of this procedure, and of the effect it produces abroad, there would be no danger; but, as long as the French people hear only the strange things the Emperor causes them to be told, the danger is constant and urgent. Moreover, his doings with his army and navy cannot but stimulate our preparations for defence. His pretended dispersion of his army is necessitated by its insubordinate condition, which renders a temporary dispersion indispensable; but it can be assembled in a few days or hours at any time, and put into good humor by a promise of more "glory." The navy proceedings are the strangest. Though the country is so unprosperous, and the government so extravagant, that an increasing annual deficit has to be met and hidden by various expedients—though France has no enemy among the maritime powers of the world—and though her navy is surpassed by none but ours, the most unheard-of efforts are made to add twenty first-rate line-of-battle ships, and other war-vessels in proportion, to her vast maritime defences. The work in the dockyards goes on night and day; and nobody, in France or elsewhere, seems to have the least idea why. Do *you* know anything about it? Have you any idea that the Emperor is going to war with you, or Russia, or us? There is no other maritime power that could afford occasion for such preparations.

It is no doubt true that the Emperor is at present very unpopular at home, and in difficulties about his foreign policy. His people dislike blunders and failures; and they regard the Villafranca transaction as both. They are ashamed of the doubtful and imperfect close of a war they never desired to be involved in. They are ashamed of the disgraces of Prince Napoleon, and have no desire to see France represented by him on a "throne of Etruria," or anywhere else. Meantime, they see (we must suppose) that their Emperor is trusted by nobody, and is now on doubtful terms with most of the sovereigns of Europe; they feel that he has no scruple about plunging them into war at his own pleasure, and scrambling out of it without considering their "glory"; and they find that, amidst these troubles, commerce does not revive. Month after month, year after year passes on, and the industry of France remains almost paralyzed; and no imperial galvinism can restore its vitality while universal distrust oppresses the very life-breath of the nation. Thus, everything is suspense, in the domestic and foreign relations of France. It does not matter whether the government speaks or is silent; for nobody believes a word it says. The people put their trust in chance, and wait, seeing nothing else that they can do. It will be the most diabolical absurdity that ever was if they and we are plunged into war some day, without reason, inclination or excuse. What sort of chances some of them openly refer to as possible means of deliverance it would be superfluous to describe.

There is little more to be said than when I wrote last about the aspect of affairs in Italy. The chief feature is the delay which is so protracted as to cause a universal belief among liberals that this last chance of disgracing the Italians is to be made the most of. They have devised nobly; they have fought finely; they have shown an exemplary moderation under partial disappointment; they have organized themselves wisely; they have ruled and obeyed their rulers most admirably. Thus far, they are blameless, and worthy of all honor and enthusiasm. Such goodness is inconvenient; and the endeavor seems to be to keep them waiting till they have afforded some pretext for repressing them. Certain it is that they have obtained no positive answer from Sardinia yet; that the Zurich Conference has reached no conclusion; and that there is no European Congress. All that we know is that our own government is at work, sustaining the Italians as free choosers of their own political form and constitution. The ordinary view of the French Emperor's conduct is this—as a consequence of the gradual disclosures which he cannot hinder. It is believed that, when he and Count Cavour met at Plombières last year, he told the Count that France must overflow somewhere, and that it had better be into Italy; that Cavour preferred this to any other war which would leave Italy in the lurch; that the Emperor deceived Victor Emanuel with false hopes, while making him his tool for procuring a seat of French power in Italy; that he led his cousin a wild-goose chase during the war, in order to make him ridiculous in the eyes of the French (who cannot tolerate a deficiency of personal courage), and therefore harmless in France, while reserving him for possible uses in Italy; that he deceived the Emperor of Austria by making promises for Victor Emanuel which could not be fulfilled, and by engaging for the restoration of the dethroned Dukes; that he deceived the Dukes by promises of restoration, knowing that he could recede on the ground that the peoples would not accept them back; that he deceived the Venetians by solemn engagements to liberate them, which he surrendered without scruple; that he deceived the Lombards by promises of freedom, declaring now that he has done his part, while his soldiers occupy the country, and the Austrian fortresses hold the entire province in perpetual check; that he deceived the Pope by engaging that no one should touch his dominions, whereas he now holds out the threat of withdrawing his troops when there is no place out of Rome which the Pope can securely call his own; that he has deceived everybody all round, in short, to accomplish some object as yet unrevealed, but generally supposed to be introducing French power into Italy, in lieu of the Austrian, and rendering Sardinia harmless on his frontier. What the ulterior view may be, time will show. To divide the liberal governments of Europe, and hold the despotic ones at his control, seems a probable aim. The only express popular expectation is of war; a wide and desperate warfare, if this man lives and reigns some years longer. He seems fated to precipitate this issue, which is contrary to his own interests, and to those of despotism in France. Meantime, there will probably be comparative calm in Europe while the Chinese affair is in hand.

We are very sorry that occasions have arisen for discontent between you and us. We suppose, however, that your fellow-citizens in New York and other Northern cities are more offended than we can be at the change in the law of Louisiana in regard to free colored men entering her ports as seamen. We shall not acquiesce, of course, in what your Supreme Court has declared to be a breach of treaty; but, for one colored seaman that we send to New Orleans, your merchants must send hundreds; and we shall watch with deep interest what happens next; whether any remonstrance will be tried, and how it will be received; and whether your merchants will prefer resorting to other ports to seeing their inoffensive seamen carried to jail. A few weeks' resort to other ports would probably bring the Louisiana legislators to withdraw their intolerable enactment, as before.

The San Juan affair may safely be left, we hope, to the two governments to settle. Meantime, you and we, no doubt, agree so entirely about the transaction that I need not dwell on it.

I hope you will tell us, some day soon, how the movement for the Civilization of Africa is regarded by Abolitionists in the United States. At the Manchester meeting on its behalf, the support of the Abolitionists and the free people of color in the United States was declared to be obtained. May we understand that it is the work of patriotic and enlightened citizens of color, and believed by your Anti-Slavery Society to be a scheme of promise for the negro race? We do not wish to encourage a habit of suspicion; but the history of Liberia and some other histories teach us to examine every work proposed to us, and the promoters of a sound enterprise will never object to such examination. Some Manchester aspirants after cotton strongly supported the enterprise at the meeting; and it is no doubt true that the production of cotton in Africa may at once conduce to the advancement of negro civilization and English manufactures. We only want to be assured that the scheme is completely understood, and may be taken as a genuine movement of your fellow-citizens of color.

Our mischievous industrial, or anti-industrial, movement—the Builders' Trades' strike—is not settled yet. Strictly speaking, the strike ended on the 12th inst; but the workmen are, almost to a man, still standing out, while their places are rapidly filling up, in spite of acts of intimidation and interference, which must be checked by law and punishment, if they go on. The prospect for the winter is dreary, as regards these misguided men; but the great works, public and private, are resumed.

H. M.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.....No. XII.

PARIS, Sept. 21, 1859.

It is no longer possible even for the blindest to entertain the hopes which the Italian war of independence had at first raised, in France as well as in Italy. How many people have I heard, at the time when the French regiments were crossing the Alps, saying that they would bring liberty back in the folds of their victorious flags. In order to win over to this warlike policy the republicans and liberals, the Bonapartists were then all ready to speak of liberty—to promise more independence to the press. Even after the peace of Villafranca had proved that the Emperor's designs were not simply directed towards the welfare and the happiness of the nations, the general illusion which had pervaded so many minds could not disappear in an instant; confidence was shaken, but not destroyed. The papers were all speaking of a new era on which we were going to enter; allusions to this happy state were even to be found in some official speeches, coming from no other lips than those of M. de Morny, the President of the Legislative Body, and M. de Troplong, the President of the Senate. The thirst and hunger of liberty were indeed so great that, when the papers were pronouncing this long banished word, their circulation was considerably increased. It was generally said that the amnesty would be followed by the abolition of the law on the press, framed in 1852, after the *coup d'état*. Of this law, which has now ruled France for eight years, you probably know the most important disposition: first, no paper can be founded without the approval of the government; secondly, when a paper has given an article which has displeased the government, it receives what is called an *avertissement*, which means a warning; after two such *avertissements*, the paper can be suppressed, without other form. It can be even suppressed without any previous admonition, in some cases, when the *public good* (such an elastic entity!) requires it. It was thus that two papers were suppressed after the attempt of Orsini. You may easily imagine what is the situation of the press, in the constant fear of the administration, and in the absence of any positive definition of what is or what is not permitted. A French proverb says, "*un homme averté en vaut deux*" (a warned man is as good as two), but, alas! a twice warned paper is not any better for it.

The expectations of the country have been put a stop to by the appearance, in *The Moniteur*, of a note declaring that the law of 1852 on the press would not be abolished. It will perhaps amuse my readers living in a great community of the world to know in what terms the government addresses his subjects, under the despotic rule of Bonaparte. "The press, in France, is free (I have shown you what that freedom is) to discuss all the acts of the government and to enlighten public opinion. Certain papers, making themselves the organs of hostile parties, reclaim a greater liberty, which would have no other object than to facilitate the attacks against the constitution and the fundamental laws of social order. The imperial government will not abandon a system which, while it gives a sufficient field to the spirit of discussion, of controversy and analysis, hinders the disastrous effects of falsehood, calumny and error." So we are to be defended forever against these three monsters, falsehood, calumny and error; well-dressed gentlemen, sometime respectable looking, will continue to pay their visits to the offices of the papers, and tell the directors: "Pray do not mention this or that fact; do not review this book; is it not now full time to cease speaking of these disorderly, ungrateful Italians?" Now, things have changed their tune, and "You will be pleased not to make any attack upon the Emperor of Austria; it was all well three months ago, but better now write upon England and the 'perfide Albion.'"

This admirable discipline has somewhat simplified the work of the press; this is especially notable in the provincial press. Articles leave Paris every day upon the topics of the moment and are sent by the central agency to the different ends of the Empire. They appear the same day near the Pyrenées and near the Rhine, and this touching unanimity of feeling all over France could be given as an example to all civilized countries.

That such a state of things should ever essentially be altered under the present institutions, we can no longer hope; since we have been informed by *The Moniteur* that the decree of 1852 "is not, as has been too often said, a law of circumstance, which sprung out of a crisis and is not suitable to ordinary times. No, the principles upon which it is founded are intimately connected with the restoration of authority in France and the constitution of the unity of power on the basis of universal suffrage."

The agitation for liberty of the press must therefore cease. Monsieur d'Haussonville, whose wife has written the essay on Robert Emmet which appeared in your paper, had published, before this last announcement of *The Moniteur*, a very remarkable letter, addressed to the *Councils General*, which meet annually to discuss the affairs of the Departments; in this letter, he was asking those bodies to claim more liberty, and especially more independence for the press. This effort has been vain, and France will suffer more than ever before from what has been called the *malady of violence*. So much for the interior policy of the government. As for its exterior policy, it is in unison with it. The *entente cordiale* with Austria seems to be getting stronger every day, and *The Moniteur*, this great gospel of Europe in its present state, has delivered a severe lecture to the Italians, blaming them for their obstinacy in refusing to recall their Dukes, and for their disorderly and unwise behavior. The last phrase of this note is well worthy of attention. After having shown that, if the Italians in Central Italy persist in not recalling their sovereigns, Austria will feel herself at liberty to resume her arrogant policy, *The Moniteur* says, "The only way of solving the difficulty would be war; but, do not let the Italians be deceived; there is but one power in Europe which makes war *for an idea;* it is France, and the task of France is accomplished." Which means, do not expect any help from England, though she now defends the rights of Italy; and as for the French Emperor, he has had enough of war; he will not commit to new chances the glory he has earned. *He* has got all he wanted; let, therefore, the Italians be contented. Between a sovereign who makes war for ideas (not fixed ideas, by the way) and another who will profit at once by the first sign of division and weakness in Italy, Victor Emanuel has a very difficult position to keep. As for Central Italy, it is left without government; Bonaparte and Austria together refuse to see it annexed to Piedmont; France will not have the Dukes restored by force. There is a good field for diplomatic intrigue, secret missions, manœuvres of all sorts. Some believe that finally Austria and France will come to an understanding, and that Austria, receiving large compensations on the Danube, will give up the Archdukes and allow the Central Italians to choose a new dynasty; perhaps the Count of Flanders, the second son of King Leopold, now at Biarritz with the Sphinx-Emperor; and in that case, England's consent would be secured by the marriage of the Count of Flanders with Princess Alice; perhaps Prince Napoleon Jerome Bonaparte. To be sure, this disinterested prince, at his landing at Leghorn on the 23d of May, 1859, in his address to the Tuscans, said, "Napoleon has declared that he had no other ambition than the triumph of the sacred cause of the liberation of a people, and would never be actuated by any family interests." But sacrifices are sometimes necessary; and people can be persuaded, even against their wishes, to accept the heavy burden of the crown in those regions, the loveliest of the world, and to reign in that capital, adorned with all the finest works of art and those monuments which call forth the admiration of all mankind.

Our Washington Correspondence.

A Terrible Panic—Attempts to excite a Mob against Anti-Slavery Presses and Men—Attack on Mr. Clephane by "a respectable Whig"—Will Republicans vote jobs to pro-slavery rowdies?—A Slaveholder coming to the rescue of Seward—Washington not what it used to be—The Work before us, etc. etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 25, 1859.

We have been in a terrible panic down this way for the last ten days, and I assure you it seems the height of human felicity to be able once more to breathe freely—to walk the streets without expecting to meet at every corner a horrid insurrectionist!

Such a week as this last has been in Washington I beg leave to be excused from enjoying in repetition. You can have little idea of its mixed terror and ludicrousness. The people here were scared out of their senses. The whole town was surrounded by an army of patrols; the government buildings were filled with soldiers; and I have no doubt, with all these precautions, if Brown—poor mad Brown—had come here with one hundred as brave men as himself—such was the terror of the people—that he would have driven soldiers and policemen, President and Cabinet, out of town. It would have beaten the famous Bladensburgh race, when "Poor Gen'ral Rush brought up the tail."

The fright of our people—the almost universal panic—is entirely inexcusable. The only persons who might be pardoned for indulging in fear are they who are known as the warm opponents of slavery in our midst; for they are comparatively few in number, and for a couple of days they were at the mercy of the pro-slavery crowd which was daily appealed to by one of our leading journals to wipe out not only Republican journals published here, *but their subscribers!* Individuals, well known for their opposition to slavery, were singled out in the streets and in public places by pro-slavery rowdies, and repeated attempts were made to get them into difficulty and violent encounters. Mr. Lewis Clephane, so well known for years as an attaché of *The National Era* establishment, was dogged by pro-slavery scoundrels, and every word of his watched that he might be denounced. As he stood quietly conversing, in one of our hotels, about the Harper's Ferry riot, he was brutally insulted by one of the salaried managers of *The National Intelligencer*, and an attempt was made on the spot to inflict violence upon him—but it failed. This same gentleman of *The Intelligencer* was very busy last winter seducing Republican members of Congress into voting for a big job to benefit the proprietors of *The Intelligencer*. It is to be hoped that if he tries on his eloquence again this winter, Republicans will remember his conduct towards one of the most energetic members of the party in the country. I speak of this case particularly because it is one deserving the attention of all anti-slavery men at the North. Mr. Clephane has worked most faithfully in the anti-slavery cause for ten years, and upon slave soil. He was born in Washington, was never out of it for a month in his life, and the pro-slavery portion of our citizens hate him and tried to crush him during the excitement consequent upon the Harper's Ferry tragedy. Let all honest Republicans and anti-slavery men honor him the more for their enmity.

I was not a little surprised as well as amused on the day of the Harper's Ferry riot to meet on the street a respectable citizen of Washington who chanced to have got a thimbleful too much of grog down his throat for his prudence. A knot of good fellows were around him—all politicians—and the exploit of Brown was the talk. Some were terribly severe on Seward and his "irrepressible conflict," when our friend squared off with—"Oh, d—n *that* nonsense. You know, just as well as I do, that it's all humbug. *You* know Bill Seward don't go in for such doin's. Talk that stuff to somebody but me."

The Democratic fire-eater persisted in his assertions that Seward's *doctrines* led to riot and murder—that his Rochester speech provoked the Harper's Ferry rebellion. Our friend replied: "Now, look here—I've got two good niggers at home, and you needn't set *me* down for an Abolitionist. But I tell you *Seward was right.* All he said was that Slavery would back down before Freedom—that it would gradually die out—be crowded out of existence—an' I tell you *it's so.* You know, as well as I do, that that's the current things are taking. We shan't ever see another slave State, boys, and what's the use o' lying about Seward because he tells the truth?"

I give you this street talk as a sign of the times. I know the man to be a slaveholder, and quite resigned to the idea that slavery must go to the wall, and Mr. Seward or some other Republican eventually become President.

When one of our prominent Democratic journals was issuing daily its appeals to the mob to level the offices of the *Era* and *Republic* with the street, there were men in Washington who promised to bring *hundreds* of our citizens to their defence in case of danger. So you will see that there has been a great change since the time when the *Era* office was mobbed. It is now the ruffianly Democratic crew who talk violence—with a few exceptions, such as I have instanced above.

As for the colored people of the District, the hubbub at Harper's Ferry has not disturbed them in the least. They have behaved themselves admirably, not even allowing the insulting examinations of our police to provoke any foolish conduct. They are well aware that they have nothing to gain from outside attempts of violence like that of Brown to set them free. There is but one course, one policy, and it is a peaceful one. Argument—eloquence of the tongue and pen—ideas—line upon line, precept upon precept—this will at last set every slave in America free. The Northern people must first be converted to anti-slavery ideas—must be made to see the sinfulness of slavery—and then the worst of the work will be done. The Southern people will become an easy prey to Truth when their Northern apologists and abettors in Church and State are converted from the evil of their ways.

This deeply to be regretted occurrence at Harper's Ferry has put all the less important news to flight, and I will not attempt in this letter to speak of anything else.

AVON.

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY

SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON, 1860.

In a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous coöperation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve and generous coöperation.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
SARAH P. REMOND,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA APTHORP,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ELIZA ANDREW,
MARY E. STEARNS.

☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country, by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

OBITUARY.

PROF. J. P. NICHOL.

It is with no common sense of loss that we record the decease of this friend of our cause, so well known, the world over, in science and in ethics. He died at Glenburn House, Rothsay (Isle of Bute), on the afternoon of the 19th of September, at the age of 56, having been born in 1804.

It has been his function in life to teach. He began it early—at the age of sixteen—and never ceased its exercise, in whatever country or capacity he found himself. At one time, having studied for the Church, he was a licensed preacher. But Science and Morals gained a stronger hold on a mind so positive in its character than Theology was able to maintain; and, relinquishing the ministry, he became distinguished in Astronomy, of which he was made a Professor, many years since, in the Glasgow University.

His love of science and literature did not, however, divert him from those high moral ministrations to mankind which teach the right and sustain it without respect to sect or party, clime, nation or race. No longer ago than May last, he gave his countenance and influence to the Hungarian cause by presiding at a public meeting held in Glasgow in its behalf. And, as President of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, he gave the standing influence of his life and character to the Anti-Slavery enterprise. It was, in his view, the indispensable condition of progress and civilization that slavery should be abolished. On both continents he exercised a most beneficial influence in behalf of freedom; and we have seen documents from his pen which showed a mind no less statesmanlike than it was scientific, so admirably clear and comprehensive were they of the situation then in question. No man better knew when and on what to divide, or when and on what to unite—knowledge which covers the statesman's whole field.

When, some twelve years since, he travelled and lectured in America, it was not, as so many Englishmen do, for the purpose of seeking attentions from the temporary occupants of office, for use and conversation after their return. To a man of Dr. Nichol's degree of scientific eminence, attention comes of course in a country like our own, which feels the deficiencies that he can supply; and he more especially sought the acquaintance of men engaged in setting their country right before the world in those most important particulars where she denies herself to be in the wrong, and decries her benefactors. Thus he became known to many of the American Abolitionists, with whom he ever after delighted to cherish the moral and friendly relations thus formed; for he understood and shared the feeling that impels to rectify great national wrongs.

Having no list of his works at hand, we can only mention those familiar to every reader of scientific books: "The Architecture of the Heavens"; "The Solar System"; "The Planetary System"; and the Lectures on "The Nebular Hypothesis," so called, on which he was the earliest popular writer.

Since 1850, Dr. Nichol married the daughter of an eminent member of the Society of Friends, so widely known and gratefully beloved by all who serve our cause in the United States, under the name of Elizabeth Pease, of Darlington. No consolations in this severest bereavement that can come from their profound and respectful sympathy will be wanting to her.

TO ALL THE FRIENDS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, of Ohio, is an Agent of the *American Anti-Slavery Society*, and as such is commended to all friends of the Society, and of uncompromising anti-slavery. As editor of the (Ohio) *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, and as a clear, earnest and impressive speaker, his services have been of the greatest value to the cause, and have entitled him to the fullest confidence and respect of its friends. In full apprehension of the principles of Anti-Slavery, in faithful application of them, and in a fair and courteous spirit to opponents, he is surpassed by no one.

Mr. Robinson is at present laboring in Western New York. He will receive subscriptions to the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and other Anti-Slavery papers, and donations to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

For the Executive Committee.

A TERRIBLE THREAT.—Gov. Wise, on his return from Harper's Ferry to Richmond, made a speech, in which he said:

"The letters in his (Brown's) possession proved that prominent men at the North were implicated in the affair. Whether our sister States of the North will allow such men to remain among them unrebuked or unpunished, remains to be seen. If any one should smuggle off Gerrit Smith some night, and bring him to me, I would read him a moral lecture, and then send him back home."

A friend in Philadelphia, alluding to this, says:

"How savage Gov. Wise is! I expected he would be ready to hang Gerrit Smith, but I did not think he was prepared to go beyond that. He plots a moral lecture—a moral lecture of his own! Can you imagine a more cunning device of cruelty than that? I fear Abolitionists, in counting the cost, have not taken into account this terrible item. To be lynched is frightful, but to be lectured by Gov. Wise! But death, I suppose, would come to one's release even in that case. To be lectured by Gov. Wise and then sent home!—an idiot for life, probably, after such an infliction. Horrible!"

CROWDED.—We earnestly desired to find room this week for extracts from the comments of the Newspaper Press, North and South, upon John Brown's Invasion (characterized by the Salem (Mass.) *Register* as "The Big Virginia Scare!"), but it has been impossible. We are even compelled to postpone an exceedingly interesting letter from our Philadelphia Correspondent, which has reached us just as our columns for this week are closed. Adin Ballou's reply to Mr. McKim's review of his late article on "Practical Christian Anti-Slavery" shall have a place as soon as our convenience will permit.

—We have received, just as we are going to press, the MS. of a Sermon on "The Insurrection," by Rev. M. D. Conway, of Cincinnati. We shall probably publish it next week.

THE REV. MR. NOYES, Pastor of the Independent Society at Hope Chapel, spoke a true and timely word on the Harper's Ferry Tragedy last Sunday. Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, being present, also made a few remarks. We have no space for any report.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS is to speak at Armory Hall, in Philadelphia, on Friday evening, the 28th inst. He will tell what he thinks of the Harper's Ferry Insurrection, and all that he knows about John Brown.

A MILD SUGGESTION.—A conflict having arisen between President Buchanan and Governor Wise as to which shall have the honor of hanging poor Brown, it is respectfully suggested by a high intervening party that he be hung between the two.—*Saturday Press.*

EDWARD EVERETT.—A friend, in a letter just received, writes: "It has not been rumored (has it?) that Edward Everett buckled on his knapsack and was about to start for Harper's Ferry? I suppose he's relieved from his promise, made so long ago, by age. He's exempt now from military service and may be let off."

Special Notices.

☞ PHILADELPHIA FAIR CIRCLE.—The Philadelphia Fair Circle will meet at the house of Charlotte Pierce, northwest corner of 7th and Buttonwood streets, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 2d.

Advertisements.

ELECTION NOTICE.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ALBANY, August 31, 1859.

TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF

Miscellaneous Department.

ETTIE.

In a valley with sweet rills
Bosom'd in the slanting hills,
Where the deep'ning tints did chime
With the rich September time,
I, when morning skies were blue,
Made a friendship pure and true.

Ettie, Ettie, for your sake
Let my heart a music make.

Ettie gentle, how she looks
Like some child in fairy books!
In her eyes, that vaguely fix
On the airy vacancy
All about a wondering look,
Light and shadow daintily
With each other melt and mix.
On the void what did she see,
That her dreamy fancy took?
Ettie is some changeling,
That on this earth is wandering;
She is watching, as she stands,
Wonders work'd in fairy lands,
Fairy shapes come wavering,
Making signs with shadowy hands.

But early mists go curling light,
And they dim the heavenly sight.
Thus she may not clearly make
All the fairy language out,
Nor the symbol'd meaning take;
Guessing half, but half in doubt.
So she looks as she would ask
Them the secret to unmask.
But when they smile, her heart is bent
From its wonder with content:
Till her eyes grow wide and calm,
And a richness dark and warm,
A liquid richness, floats in them,
Of sunlit dew or sparry gem

Ettie sweet, Ettie sweet,
All the day she will not speak.
In the woods and meadow ways
Airy forms she seems to seek:
All alone she goes to meet
Them at the appointed place.
A sunset warmth is on her cheek:
A glow of rosy light, a flush
Half of health and half a blush.

If you speak or if you smile,
She will not talk as children do;
But is silent all the while.
Or perhaps a bashful "yes,"
Faintly heard, her answer is.
She scarcely seems to speak to you.
Her drop eyes go wandering
All about relief to find,
With half uneasy sideway look,
That your glance can scarcely brook,
And a sweet bewildering,
Like the flowers in the wind.

Many a happy time had we,
Nutting in the woodlands free.
Timid grown, my hand she took
At the bridge across the brook.

THOMAS ASHE.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XII.

[Concluded from last week.]

The next morning, after an early breakfast, Mrs. Vertner, Helen and Madge began to prepare for a visit to the Cave. Mrs. Vertner demurred at wearing the Bloomer costume, which, however, the proprietor assured her was necessary to her comfort in the subterranean world she was about to visit. Helen Mason was also reluctant to adopt so unique a dress, but Madge was delighted—declared she never before had such free use of her limbs.

"Oh, papa," she cried, "I should like to wear this dress all the time; it seems so much more natural than the other."

And in fact she did look very pretty in that short red skirt and trousers, with a crimson and black scarf wound around her head, like a Turkish turban. The party proceeded down a path which crossed the lawn at the back of the main building, and walked about one hundred yards from the house, when they reached the entrance of the Cave. Here they were met by the guide, a colored man of rather pleasing appearance, dressed in linen pantaloons and shirt, a straw hat upon his head, and a bundle of unlighted torches in his hand.

"I am sorry," said Col. Vertner, to Helen, "that I could not procure the celebrated guide, Stephen, for he had been previously engaged by another party. This one is Matt, very good they say, but not such a curiosity as Stephen, who, I have heard, is a very cultivated man and a good practical geologist."

While Col. Vertner was saying this, the guide had been busy lighting the lamps; and now presenting one to each member of the party, and taking up a well-filled basket of provisions which sat upon a rock near by, he said:

"This is to be your dinner; and now, ladies, if you are ready, we will begin our journey. Take one last look at this world above ground, and follow me."

Helen Mason shuddered at the yawning mouth of the Cave, and feared to enter.

"Come on," cried our adventurous Madge, as she plunged in directly after the guide; "come, Helen, the frowning mouth is passed."

"Ah," cried Helen, as she clung to Col. Vertner's arm, "I feel as if I were entering Hades."

After passing the Narrows, they were soon beyond all signs of daylight, and realized that peculiar sense of mystery which one experiences in a midnight world. Here they were, one hundred feet below the upper earth, shut out from the activities of every-day human life, darkness and wonder all around, breathing an atmosphere purer than that of Italy, and a strange sense of pleasure thrilling their nerves. The blue gleam of their Bengal lights, reflected against the massive sides of the grand Dome, produced almost the effect of enchantment. Stalactites and staglamites, in every variety of beautiful style and cluster, hung around. It was like a fairy palace. The whole party stood in mute admiration.

Pretty soon the exhilarating effect of the pure air acted upon Madge's frame with a resistless power. She shouted aloud, flourished her lamp right and left, and scampered about like a kitten.

"We can't stop long here," said the guide; "there are plenty more wonderful places than this to be seen, so we must take up our lamps and be getting on."

It would be impossible to give a full and faithful account of all the beautiful and wondrous spots which they paused to admire, but we must not fail to notice the "Old Arm Chair," which is a large rock, formed like a great chair, and which affords a comfortable seat.

"Jenny Lind sat there, and sang us a song," observed Matt. "Stephen, too, sometimes stops there and sings the 'Old Arm Chair.' He's got a clear, fine voice."

"And can't you sing it for us?" asked Madge.

"Oh, no, young miss. I can't sing like Stephen. I am sorry you didn't get him for your guide. He's been here longer than I have, and, besides, he is smarter and knows more than I can ever hope to. The professors, who used to come here examining and testing the quality of the rock, took a great fancy to Stephen, and so he learned a good deal from them."

It was a wonderful sight when they reached the celebrated "Gorin's Dome," and looked down into the frightful "Bottomless Pit." Above rose the majestic dome, and far below, at a distance of three hundred feet, sank the pit, a dark and yawning chasm. Matt threw down a lighted paper, dipped in oil; the illumination was beautiful, betraying, as it did, crevices and fissures in the vast shaft. A sense of solemn awe, such as they had never before known, took possession of each member of the party. The cold and moveless Mrs. Vertner was even excited; a tremor seized Helen Mason, and our wild, elfish little Madge was melted to tears.

Bill, Col. Vertner's coachman, who had been allowed to come with them, looked down into the frightful abyss, and exclaimed, in his sincere, naive way,

"'Twould be all day to any one as got down dar."

Crossing the pit by a frail little bridge which tottered beneath their steps, they made the descent of the first ladder, which brought them to the river "Styx," one of the smallest of the three cavernous streams, which is supposed to flow into Green river. At "Echo River" they took the boat. It is a small, transparent stream, about a quarter of a mile in width and ten feet in depth. Matt rowed them gently along. They were surprised to discover that the lightest sound, almost a whisper, was echoed. The merest tap of the oar upon the side of the boat was repeated a thousand times, receding at each successive echo, until the sound faded away in the most distant chambers above, assuming the liquid, melting tones of the finest Eolian harp. Our party was delighted; their ears were never tired of the delicious sounds. They tried every variety of noise, which always brought back a recurrence of harmonious sound; the spirits of the Cave, wild with glee, seemed to answer their lightest or merriest call. Madge and Helen sang an old familiar song, which was replied to by the most bewitching melody from the airy chambers and musical apartments above. The guide proposed discharging a pistol, which was readily assented to by the party. The effect was startlingly grand; loud thunder burst upon their ears, almost deafening in its effect, growing fainter and fainter as it receded, until it died off in the airiest melody. Truly did our friends deem this fairy land.

"Yes," said Matt, "Stephen says this Cave has been a world of comfort and pleasure to him. He lives most of his time in here; for when he isn't guiding visitors, he is hunting about through these rooms and halls, to see what new things he can find. I want very much to see if I can't discover another opening in this Cave. A gentleman who sometimes comes here has offered me two thousand dollars if I'll find it, and let him know."

"I hope you will find it," said Mrs. Vertner.

Madge had been surprised to observe how freely and unrestrainedly her mother talked to or listened to Matt. And a fact it is that the most aristocratic ladies and gentlemen who visit the Cave seem to forget for a time those unnatural distinctions of race and caste, and associate with the colored guides in the most familiar manner. Perhaps it is the pure air of the Cave, acting upon their minds as well as bodies.

"Yes," said Matt, "in a sociable way, to Mrs. Vertner, "when I get that money, I won't be a slave long. I'll buy myself at once."

"Why, Matt, are you a slave? You ought to be free," said Mrs. Vertner.

These words seemed to surprise the coachman. He looked earnestly at his mistress. Alas! the generous wish did not extend to him. Afterwards, in speaking to Helen, Mrs. Vertner said, "Oh, I only said that because I was afraid of the negro. I didn't know what he might do with us'way off in that strange, dark world."

After they had crossed the river, in one of the winding paths leading to "The Cabinet," our party became conscious of the approach of persons. Suddenly they were met by Stephen and a gentleman whom he was guiding. The effect of the meeting was picturesque in the extreme. Stephen's swarth, olive face, dark, flashing black eyes and rough dress, were set off in bold contrast to his companion, who was a tall, spare man, with fair complexion and light-blue eyes, and a countenance expressive of the highest thought and culture. A few stray locks of iron gray hair escaped from his crimson velvet smoking-cap, and his blue slashed raglan heightened the dramatic effect of his costume.

Now, as they paused in front of the new party, each holding their lamps so as to reflect fully upon the others, they formed a picture fit for the pencil of a Rembrandt.

Madge gazed at the stranger with undisguised admiration, while he gave back her glances with equal pleasure.

What a meeting!

Seven miles from the mouth of the Cave, seven miles away from the glorious light of the sun, seven miles off from the upper world of life! Miniature rivers, valleys, mountains and rocks, that had never in all previous and primal time drank in or reflected back the joyous light of heaven, lay around them on either hand. Here in an interior, subterraneous world, "rock-ribbed and ancient," giving back no answer to man's idle questioning of its past—here in a solitary world of darkness and splendor, —these two met for the first time!

Madge could not tell why it was that this stranger's glance still haunted her as they continued their long windings and threadings of the Cave! Sometimes his face, seen for but a moment, and then by the blue flicker of their lamps, seemed to connect itself with everything that she saw afterwards, and gave to the cavern a new and deeper interest. When, on their return from the "Rocky Mountains," which was the terminus of their first day's trip, they paused at "Cleveland's Cabinet," our heroine was in higher spirits than usual. This Cabinet, named from a Mr. Cleveland, who is said to have first discovered it, is one of the most interesting apartments of the Cave.

The reader must conceive a vast room, arched over by a roof twenty feet in height, the sides and arcade of which are encrusted by a thick coating of pure white frost, through which protrude in every direction buds, vines, tendrils, rosettes, sunflowers, cactus leaves, lilies and every variety and design of fanciful formation, from the simple flower to the exquisite finish and elegance of a Corinthian capital—all wrought from a material the most frail and delicate, and of a soft, pearly whiteness—and he will then have some faint conception of this beautiful and unique Cabinet. At some points the overarching roof is thickly studded with small snow-balls, which have apparently been frozen there, and present innumerable mirrors wherein the light is reflected with a glow and glitter as if from ten thousand diamonds. Imagine such a fairy scene, a mile in extent, every turn of your foot revealing some new vegetable form?

After remaining for an hour or more here, wondering and admiring, Matt proposed that the party should adjourn to Table Rock and partake of their collation. All had good appetites, and ate with a zest, and for the first time in all her life Madge beheld her mother drink from a cup and hand it to a negro.

Truly, the Mammoth Cave should be the temple of abolitionism.

Soon after this, as Mrs. Vertner and Helen were quite fatigued, they took up a hasty march for the "mouth," reserving "Serena's Bower" for another visit.

How strange the upper air and world looked to them, as once more they emerged from the cavernous darkness! The sun hung low in the west—red, gold and purple clouds were floating about the horizon, and Helen cried out,

"This sunlighted world is the loveliest, after all."

CHAP. XIII.

In the evening, to Mrs. Vertner's surprise, Madge proposed to visit the ball-room.

"Why, what a curious, almost contrary child you are, to be sure," put in her mother. "Before this you have resolutely declined to go to balls and parties; last night, when Helen and I were quite well and willing to go, you refused to even look in upon the dancers; now, when we are jaded and tired out with a long jaunt, climbing over rocks and descending slippery ladders, you suddenly propose to visit the ball-room! It must be only a freak of perversity."

"No, mamma; I just felt as if it would be a pleasant sight; and if you and Helen are too much fatigued to go, why, I am sure papa will attend me. Ah, here he comes."

"What is it, my child?" he asked, as, with a weary air, he tossed himself down into a chair.

"I wish to go into the ball-room to-night. Mamma and Helen are very tired: won't you escort me?"

"Certainly, my dear; and though I am very much fatigued by the day's long walk, yet am I so glad to see you in the mood for something like civilized gayety that I shall be delighted to wait upon you, and even offer to dance the first quadrille with you."

"No, no, papa, I don't care for dancing, and am afraid I should make a sorry sight upon the floor. I shall only look on quietly for awhile"; and with this she left the room, to seek her own apartment and make ready for the evening.

"This *is* an unexpected crotchet of Madge's," observed Col. Vertner to his wife; "she is constantly betraying some new feature of her strange disposition. I declare the girl is a puzzle to me. After this day's hard exercise, climbing, jumping, leaping and walking, to be willing to sit up late and enjoy a dancing party!"

"Yes, and the very thing she has always despised and laughed so much at," said Helen Mason, who was reclining in a large arm chair, near the bed upon which Mrs. Vertner lay.

"I really have no pleasure in the girl. Each day she appears to grow more eccentric. It is such a pity that my only child should so disappoint me."

"Ah, my dear," put in Col. Vertner, "you must not speak so discouragingly of Madge. She will outgrow this wildness and peculiarity, which seem to annoy you."

"I have been hoping so for the last three or four years, but now I begin to despair. I see that time only confirms her peculiarities."

"No, my dear," added the Colonel, with a smile, "I argue a good deal from this evening's freak. You see she wants to go into gay company—has determined upon it for this one occasion at least. By and by, she will acquire a taste for society, and then she will be all that you wish her."

Mrs. Vertner shook her head distrustfully, but Helen felt like putting in a disclaimer. Madge was her very ideal of ripe, fresh girlhood, and to hear her so unjustly criticized half provoked Helen.

In the meantime, Madge was in her own room, overhauling her trunk, taking out dress after dress, shaking the wrinkles out, examining and laying them aside, unfolding laces, collars, sleeves, laying out ribbons, bows, &c, without number. Never before had our little heroine been so occupied with toilet flummery. "Let me see," said she, half aloud, as she sat beside a large, open travelling trunk, with silk dresses, crape shawls, laces and ribbons all around her in heaps and piles—"let me see. Helen once said that pink was most becoming to me; but, then, papa likes me best in blue"; and she leaned her pretty head thoughtfully upon her little hand, her mind being occupied fully and wholly with that usual and all-important subject of "maiden meditation"—*dress*. "But," she continued, after a moment's pause, "I like white the best, and feel the most natural in it. But, then, a ball-room is *such* a gay and fashionable place, where, mamma thinks, no one should be natural, and so I expect I had better wear this pink flounced grenadine"; and, shaking out the slightly crushed fabric, she rose from the trunk and began to make her toilet for the evening. She worked very slowly, as all unaccustomed hands will. Her curls seemed stiff and unpliant to her; she positively quarrelled with the paleness of her complexion, and for the first time took a long, anxious look at her reflection in the mirror. "Well, I am ugly," she murmured in a dissatisfied tone; and, after arraying herself in the pink grenadine, entwining flowers in her hair and winding a strand of fairy-like pearls round her throat, seizing an ivory fan and a pair of white gloves, she again seated herself, with a dissatisfied expression of countenance. "Well," she muttered, in vexation, as she pulled on her glove, "I may spend hours in dressing, and it's no use. After all, I can't make anything out of myself but plain, ugly Madge Vertner. It is just as mamma says, and I don't in the least blame her for being so unhappy about me." A little knock at the door here interrupted her complaint.

"Come in."

It was the colored chambermaid, who came to bring fresh towels.

"Good even', young miss"; and, with her eyes fixed in very evident admiration upon Madge, she exclaimed, "Laws, but ain't you putty; you's jist the puttiest young lady as has bin here dis season."

Madge's face brightened. Though she was used to such flattery from slaves, at this moment it came so opportunely, so like consolation, that she accepted it with gratitude, and, with one more glance toward the mirror, started off for her mother's room.

And we may well wonder what had so suddenly changed Madge. We have seen how indifferent she has hitherto been to all matters of personal beauty, or of feminine vanity, but there always comes a time to woman, sooner or later, when she wishes herself more beautiful, when she sighs for the powers of fascination—when, without even looking into her heart, she is half conscious of a new guest there, whom she strives and strives to please and trembles before!

"Why, Madgy," cried Mrs. Vertner, "you have indeed dressed yourself with great taste and care. Doesn't she look well, Helen?"

"Oh, yes, Madge, I never saw you look half so pretty; your dress is beautiful. And how could you arrange your hair so well? did you have the girl do it?"

"No, I was my own maid; and I expected you would say that everything was awry."

This was the occasion of great pride and joy to Mrs. Vertner; she actually took hope from it, and began to think perhaps Col. Vertner was not altogether wrong in his favorable conjectures and prophecies of their wild and unfashionable daughter. And the Colonel himself regarded Madge with even more than his customary fondness.

"Why, little darling," he exclaimed, "you look fresh and beautiful as a blossom. No one would suppose, to see you now, that you had been all day leaping rocks, climbing ladders and crossing rivers in the cave. But, come on; let us now make our way for the ball-room."

Taking her father's proffered arm, with a free step Madge entered the ball-room, where everything was ablaze with light, beauty, grace and fashion. The place and the scene were alike new to her. However, with that unconscious freedom of a thoroughly self-poised nature, she remained free from embarrassment or constraint. Glancing quickly round the large and brilliant room, her eager and detective eyes singled out from the crowd one marked figure, and, with a nervous clutch at her father's arm, she cried out,

"There *he* is?"

"*Who?*" inquired Col. Vertner, in surprise.

"Oh"—and suddenly recollecting herself, she added, "no one—pshaw! only the stranger—that peculiar, foreign-looking man whom we so suddenly encountered to-day in the Cave."

"I had almost forgotten that we met any one; and if we really did, I am sure I cannot now identify him."

"Yonder he stands, papa, over in that corner—a tall, graceful, sad-looking man, dressed in gray."

"He—why, he looks like an Englishman, and seems to be far past his prime. I see nothing peculiar or distinguished in his appearance. I am sure I might meet him a dozen times without thinking of bestowing upon him any especial observation."

"Why, papa?"

Just then the band struck up a lively polka, and a dozen or more couples went whirling, twirling and eddying round in that most beautiful and bewildering dance.

"How pretty it is," said Col. Vertner. Madge, however, was all the while watching, in a furtive sort of way, the stranger in gray, who quietly occupied his corner without any apparent interest in the dancers.

Our heroine did not long remain unobserved. The freshness of her beauty, the artless grace of her manners, soon attracted attention, and introductions and solicitations to dance came pouring rapidly upon her. Declining to take part in the merry-making upon the ground that "she never danced," she was soon seated in the recess of a window, talking with a gentleman chiefly distinguished for his moustache and immense quantity of beard; but every moment or so her eye wandered off in search of the stranger, who, meanwhile, had not been altogether unmindful of her. From the safe retreat of his corner, he had seen her graceful entrance, and had anxiously watched her unaffected manners; by and bye he found it convenient to emerge from the corner and mingle a little more with the crowd. After a few passing remarks to some of the most prominent and best-dressed belles, we find him getting round into Madge's neighborhood. And now, as he stands within a few inches of her chair, notwithstanding the loudness of the trombone and violin, he hears every word of her simple and child-like conversation. Let us likewise join him and eaves-drop a little.

"I suppose, Miss Vertner, you read all the new novels —Reade, Bulwer, Bronté, Dickens and Thackeray?"

"No; I don't read novels; I never could get through with but one, and that, I believe, is by Charles Reade, and called 'Never too late to mend.' It made a deep impression upon me."

"Why, it's rather queer—you don't dance, don't play, nor even read novels. I never saw such a young lady."

"Perhaps not."

"Do you read history—Prescott and Irving?"

"No, I have literally read nothing, and you will not find me at home on any of your favorite subjects."

She turned half away, with a tired and irritated manner, when her eyes suddenly and fully encountered the clear, approving glance of the stranger who was standing quite near her chair. She blushed, smiled and half bowed; then, turning abruptly away to hide her confusion, asked her companion if he would call her father.

In a few moments Col. Vertner came up, and, to his daughter's surprise, smiled and bowed when he perceived the stranger, saying,

"Mr. Butler, allow me to present you to my daughter."

Madge's glance met those cold, clear gray eyes; and instinctively, as if by a resistless impulse, she put out her hand, which Mr. Butler cordially grasped, saying,

"This is the very favor, Miss Vertner, I was about to solicit of your father."

"Why, papa," replied Madge, "I did not know that you were acquainted with Mr. Butler."

"I have had that pleasure, my dear, only for a few moments since I left you. Mr. Butler is from England, and is now making the tour of our country. He has but lately come to Kentucky. I hope he will remain some time with us and learn something more of our people than English tourists generally do."

Mr. Butler smiled and returned thanks for their gracious remarks. Madge said nothing, but looked a great deal.

"I think, Miss Vertner," said Mr. Butler, bending over her chair, "that we met to-day in the Cave."

"Oh, yes," replied Madge, "I remember it quite well, and recognized you at once when I came in this evening."

The gentleman bowed very low, and a close observer might have seen a slight pink tint spread over his face. There was something so natural and artless, so truthful and simple about Madge that it struck him pleasantly.

"How far did you explore?" he asked.

"We went to the Rocky Mountains, and chiefly through the main cave. To-morrow we are going to 'Serena's Bower.'"

"Ah! that is the most beautiful spot in the entire cavern; at least, I enjoyed it most," observed Mr. Butler, with that clear, cultivated English accent which Madge thought perfectly delightful.

"I was also more fortunate than you, Miss Vertner, in the choice of a guide. Matt, though very good and shrewd, is not the character and person that Stephen is, whom I consider as great a curiosity as the cave itself."

"We were sorry not to have him, but I believe you were in advance of papa and had secured his services."

"Yes, and I have also engaged him for to-morrow, but I should be delighted to have your father's party join me. I am sure you will enjoy it more with Stephen for a guide."

"Oh, thank you; I shall mention your offer to papa, who, I am sure, will gladly accept, for he was quite disappointed in not getting Stephen," said Madge.

"I should like," continued Mr. Butler, "to be with you when you first see Serena's Bower. It is a fairy place, and seems the chief apartment, the presence chamber of the unseen queen of that palace cavern."

Thus, in talking upon subjects of mutual acquaintance and interest, they came to know each other directly, and chatted away with great freedom and ease.

There was a charm and grace about Madge's conversation when she once became excited. She said *things* rather than words. One was astonished at the closeness of her observation. She understood nature practically, as a woodsman does; and though Emerson and his books were unknown to her, yet we believe that even that subtle philosopher would have been pleased with the astuteness of this simple girl's remarks. She could tell every variety of forest tree, the peculiarity of its growth; and all the family of tiny wild woods flowers, hiding and blooming away under clefts of rock or at the roots of trees, had names and language for her. So now, when, in the progress of their conversation, they glided away from the Cave to the woods and waters, the birds and flowers of Kentucky, Mr. Butler thought Madge a charming and spirited talker. He found her possessed of a clear, true mind and strong native understanding, uncolored or clouded by theory, dreams or speculation. She saw life and nature as they were, not as other people represented them. Insensibly the hours wore on; Col. Vertner was suprised to observe his wild and flitting butterfly sort of child so interested, apparently absorbed, in a long and continuous conversation. It was late when she declared herself ready to leave the ball-room. Mr. Butler and Col. Vertner satisfactorily arranged, before separating for the evening, that they were to form one party for the Cave the next day, under Stephen's guidance.

"Well, daughter," said the Colonel, as he parted from her at her chamber door, "you seemed to be fascinated by, as well as fascinate, the Englishman."

"Why, papa!" was the only reply. And that night, before retiring, she sought Helen's chamber.

"Oh, Helen," she cried, as she seated herself on the side of the bed and took her friend's hand within her own —"oh, Helen, I've seen that stranger whom we met in the cave, and I like him so much."

"Who, that old-looking man we met with Stephen?"

"Yes."

"It isn't possible, Madge Vertner, that you are so charmed by him? He looked older than your papa."

"I am sure I neither care whether he is older or younger. I only know that he is a splendid-looking person, and I dare say is as full of character as he is of fascination and genial urbanity."

"This is very funny, Madge."

"What is?"

Helen Mason half rose from the pillow and, resting her head on her arm, looked earnestly into Madge's face.

"Madge," she said, at length, "please put out the lamp, and then come and sit on the bed beside me; I have so much to say to you."

Madge did as she was desired, curious indeed to know what her friend could have to say. She drew very near to Helen and laid her arm about her neck, while a wistful, anxious gleam stole out from her pretty eyes, but said nothing, and waited for Helen to commence.

"Madge, dear," Helen began in a whisper, "you are half in love with this Englishman, and you only went to the ball in the hope of meeting him. No; now you needn't start so, and try to pull away from me; I'll hold you fast. I knew from the first that you were very much pleased. I observed the peculiar look you gave him in the Cave. You almost started toward him; and he looked more intently at you than at any of our party. I revolved it all in my own mind, saying I shouldn't wonder if something grew out of this romantic chance meeting."

She paused, but Madge did not reply. She still sat quietly with one arm around her friend's shoulder and the other hand pressed closely to her own face. Helen went on.

"'Tis no harm, Madge; you needn't hide your face; besides, the lamp is out; we have only the pale starlight, coming through that window; so you must not shrink from me."

She coaxed the hand away from Madge's face, and by one or two lively sallies reassured the half-frightened girl.

Madge was too truthful and honest to deny the gentle charges brought against her, and yet a sort of feminine delicacy forbade her frankly acknowledging.

"Now," said Helen, with a quick breath and in rapid, partially indistinct tones, "I am going to tell you something of myself. I, too, love a stranger; one whom, I suppose, my good mother will pronounce inferior to me, though, Madge, I am no more worthy of him than I am of the first angel in heaven. I'll spare you any enthusiastic description; but when we return, I shall insist upon your seeing him, and I am sure you will admire him. Oh, Madge, he is so good and noble; he is too lofty a character to love me, I am sure; and yet there have been moments when I almost felt that he did."

Helen did not cower and shrink as Madge would have done. There was so much of pride in her love that it infused into her very nature a finer consciousness and made her glow and beam. So now she raised herself fully and sat upright in the bed, with her long hair streaming over her arms and neck.

"Who is he?" asked Madge, in a whisper.

"A Mr. Norton—John Norton—a teacher lately arrived in our village from one of the New England States."

"I didn't know, Helen, that you were acquainted with such a person. How does it happen that I have never met him at your house and you have never spoken of him to me?"

"You have not been to our house very often, dear, within the last few weeks; neither does Mr. Norton call frequently; I have met him oftener at friends' houses, when we have talked a great deal. He has, in this very short time, got quite a large school, and the children are all very fond of him. But do you know that they whisper he is an *Abolitionist?*"

Helen looked frightened, but Madge did not start or betray the least sign of surprise or disgust. Helen waited for her to speak. At length she said,

"And what of that, Helen? I see no reason why he shouldn't be, if he thinks that way; nothing is more natural than to declare his convictions."

"But an Abolitionist! isn't it a horrible word?"

"No word is horrible to me, Helen, that means something."

"I am glad, dear Madge, to hear you speak so; for I feared this would alienate us. Do you know that when I listen to Mr. Norton, he half persuades me to be an Abolitionist. There is no possibility of resisting such words and tones as his. And now, dear, I feel better that I have confided in you; 'tis such a relief to talk of what is weighing upon one's heart; and, dear Madge, now that you love also, we can sympathize with each other."

Madge did not speak, but, with tears glistening in her eyes, laid her head upon Helen's shoulder, and together they wept tears of pensive pleasure. It was a pure and touching sight—one worthy only of the eyes of guardian angels—and so we drop the curtain over it.

The next morning Helen and Mrs. Vertner both declared they were too much fatigued to pursue their explorations of the Cave, but Madge and her father determined to continue. However, it may be well to state that the latter would gladly have foregone further explorations for another day or so; but seeing his daughter so resolved, he could not refuse to join her.

At the mouth of the Cave they were met by Mr. Butler and Stephen, each prepared with torches, the guide also carrying, slashed across his shoulder, a can of oil, with which to supply the lamps.

"Good morning, Miss Vertner," said Mr. Butler; "I trust you slept well and feel strong enough for to-day's difficult rambling."

"Oh, yes," answered Madge, "I am quite in the humor to-day for scaling rocks, walking topple-down ladders—in short, of braving all the difficult passes of this lower world. Good-bye, daylight," and she plunged quickly into the Cave, following the guide.

"The entrance," observed Mr. Butler to Col. Vertner, "is one of the most frightful features of the Cave, I think. Some how, man as I am, and fond of adventure, I always feel an involuntary shudder as I pass under this frowning arch."

"It sharpens my ardor," exclaimed Madge. "I have a natural love of the daring and frightful."

Mr. Butler smiled at this, saying,

"I suppose Stephen is glad to hear that you are not easily frightened; one of his greatest troubles here is the guardianship of timid ladies. Didn't you say so, Stephen?"

Thus addressed, the guide turned toward the party, and now, for the first time, Madge had a full view of his remarkable face. It was a face that should have been seen under a tropic sky, for one in looking at it insensibly connected it with feathery palms, bright and gorgeous lilies, and the glancing of strange and bright-winged birds. The clear olive of the complexion, with a slight red glow of the cheek, were in admirable harmony with the soft velvety blackness of the large oblong eyes, fringed by heavy, curling lashes. The features were small and delicate, and as finely shapen as if finished by the touches of an elaborate sculptor; but then these minute physical details, perfect as they were, formed but a minor portion of the beauty of that wonderful face. They were to the soul-light and brave, though melancholy, countenance what the mere mechanism of a piano is to the wild melody which its mystic keys can produce when touched by the hand of a master.

Madge could scarcely suppress a burst of admiration as those splendid tropic eyes were bent upon her in a clear, penetrating glitter.

"Yes," he said, in reply to Mr. Butler's question—and his voice was rich and liquid—"yes, I have had some curious and even trying scenes in this Cave with timid ladies. I have had to carry some of them in my arms along the narrowest defiles, bordering the edge of rocks where the least misstep would have tumbled us down a chasm hundreds of feet in depth. Even this I shouldn't have cared for if they had only known how to keep still, but they frightened me by the sudden nervous clutches they would give my arm, and evident attempts to stop me at places where it was difficult to maintain my footbold."

"Well, I shall give you no such trouble," said Madge.

"Ah, no, indeed," cried Col. Vertner to Mr. Butler, "I believe my daughter is a very chamois for lightness in bounding over rocks. She surprised me yesterday; and as to fear, it is a foreign element in her character.

Thus, in pleasant chit-chat, they continued to perambulate this dark and wondrous cavern, pausing at every two or three steps to admire some new beauty or wonder of the strange place. At length they arrived at "Star Chamber," one of the most beautiful and unique compartments of the Cave. It is a large oval room, the roof of which is covered with stalactite formation, in exact copy of the starry heavens. It is as perfect and natural as though nature here, in some artistic freak, reproduced a copy of her own first grand work.

Stephen, after desiring them to seat themselves upon a bench, which had been provided, deprived them of their lamps, and, wishing them good-bye, started off for another part of the cavern, leaving them for an instant or so in that fearful, rayless, subterranean darkness. The first sudden effect upon the eyes was painful and trying. Madge, who was seated between her father and Mr. Butler, began to tremble, and, in a dismal sort of whisper, asked,

"Where has the guide gone? will he leave us long?"

"No," replied Mr. Butler, who understood the trick, "he will be back soon enough. But now only lift your eyes to the star-lit heaven."

And there above them shone out, as one at first thinks, the same splendid "starscape," that each night greets the gaze from the beautiful upper world. There were the sister planets, the fast old stars and the clustering constellations, and conspicuous among them all was the majestic sweep of a comet, while a solemn *blue darkness* gathered round and seemed to enfold our party.

Mr. Butler traced out with great ease some of the most noted constellations, and Madge saw her own favorite "Corona" glittering up in the vaulted roof, a semi-circle of twinkling gems.

"How exquisite," "how wonderful," they simultaneously exclaimed.

"Why, my daughter, is it," asked Col. Vertner, "that you always, in looking at the stars, first see that small and to me scarcely distinguishable, constellation of 'Corona'?"

"I don't know, papa."

"Because," gallantly put in Mr. Butler, "a queen will naturally see a crown; and I am sure Miss Vertner is worthy of a starry one."

It was well for Madge that they were in the midst of unrelieved darkness, else might her deep blushes have betrayed her. It was the first compliment that had been paid her to which she had ever listened. And now it went like a stroke of lightning through her frame, heating up her blood, thrilling her nerves, and creating for her a new and delicious sensation.

By and bye the guide came back, and restored to them their lamps, saying,

"Now, if you have rested enough, we'll take up our line of march, direct for the 'Rocky Mountains' and 'Serena's Bower.'"

They toiled on for hours, seeing wonders and contending with difficulties, walking gossamer bridges, such as were only fit for the foot-fall of Titania and her fairy train, until at last they reached that long, stupendous ridge of piled up rock, known to pilgrims in the Cave as the "Rocky Mountains." Most truly and appropriately is it named. "Grand, gloomy and peculiar," it frowns upon the foot-weary passenger who stands below contemplating the daring venture of scaling its formidable heights. Stephen lit the Bengal lights, which sent a blue glow over the awful scene. Our party paused and were silent with awe.

"Great are thy works, oh Lord," murmured the Englishman, as he lifted his cap from his head.

Madge proposed that they should take their lunch here.

"Had we not better wait until we reach the Bower; and then, young queen, you may dine amid fairy beauty?" said Mr. Butler.

"No," replied Madge, "I prefer dining upon this rugged mountain-side. It will be something strange and new."

Accordingly they opened their baskets, and there, with gloom and grandeur all around, they ate with as keen a relish as if they had been seated at a banquet-table amid worldly comfort and ease.

Taking up the order of march, and scrambling over rocky ledges and mountain heights, still further on, and thirteen tedious miles from the entrance, they came to the famous "Serena's Bower," the gem, and supposed to be the terminus, of the monster Cave.

This beautiful and fairy-like spot is entered by a very narrow and difficult aperture. However, our party crawled and worked themselves through, and were well repaid for any difficulty of access.

The interior of the Bower is one of the most beautiful places human imagination can conceive of. It is a small but deep base, with an umbrella-shaped roof, studded with stalactites of the most beautiful design. From the ceiling the stalactites join and run down on the sides, floating out like the long, depending locks of a woman's hair; and from this fancied resemblance the grotto takes its name. There were fan-like pillars dividing the bower into smaller and various sized compartments. In one corner of the grotto, and about three feet from the floor, is a basin of the purest and most limpid water. Stalactite formation of pillars stand round the edge, as if to guard and protect the sacred waters. The guide hung a lighted lamp inside the columns and immediately above the waters. The illumination was brilliant, and made the scene glow like magic. Madge was in ecstacies. Mr. Butler drew from his pocket a small leather travelling cup, which he unfolded and, filling it with water, offered it to Madge, saying,

"Will you not honor my cup by sipping of the waters of Castaly from it?"

She drained the cup, and, turning to him, said, with great animation,

"Now, I shall be inspired."

Ah, the "Mammoth Cave" did truly open new worlds to her. She is not now the lively, careless Madge Vertner that she was when we first met her. A new purpose is working in her life, and the illumination of a new and glorious sentiment is firing up and shedding radiance upon that inner and deeper world of the heart and the affections.

MRS. JAMESON'S LETTER TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

The most significant facts of the present year are the publication of Michelet's "L'Amour," and Mrs. Jameson's "Letter to Lord John Russell." Is it significant, also, that while Mrs. Jameson's admirable Letter is not yet republished, "L'Amour" lies on everybody's table, is criticized in every newspaper, and with its hard, scientific materialism cuts its way to every brain?

Never was a book at once so presumptuous in great things, so diffident in little—so profound in insight, so shallow in piety. Taking a few physical facts, not yet admitted without serious question—a few others, admitted, certainly, but unbalanced on his pages by others equally certain and quite different in their indices—Michelet builds upon them a quaint, ingenious structure, that the first breath of real life must scatter. And this structure provides no place for a shrine; there is no God in the heaven to which his sentimental eyes are turned—no conscience, no moral law, known to the woman he may well say *he* has "created." If the book needs an answer, it finds it in the silent rejection of all healthy hearts—in the indignant grief of women who feel how much better it were to be like the Phædra of the Greeks, the suffering, tortured victim of Divine love, than to live without that love in the world—to know God only by his power, rather than to know him not.

This book is the scholarly exposition of the popular scepticism and unrest, and a guage of the untold secrets of society—a chart of voyages possible to be made, provided there was no such thing as the north star.

So many words, perhaps, it may fitly claim, ere we devote a few pages to the serious, grateful treatment of Mrs. Jame on's Letter, addressed to Lord John Russell as the President of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science. A letter as honorable to him as to the lady who writes it, and by far the most important tribute, it seems to us, that the woman's cause has yet received in any part of the world.

In 1857, the formation of the Association for the Promotion of Moral Science, in England, realized one of the fondest hopes of the reformer. Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, the Earls of Shaftesbury and Carlisle, men most eminent in rank, united with others as eminent in wealth and literary or scientific standing to welcome Florence Nightingale, Mary Carpenter and Isa Craig to the equal consideration of all social abuses. Its five departments carry the prestige of the proudest names; and before them Miss Nightingale testifies to the need of sanitary reform in the military hospitals, Mary Carpenter speaks once and again on the reformation of juvenile offenders, and Isa Craig edits two thick volumes of Transactions, which are helpful in every page.

The absolute failure of the institution at Westboro' might well turn the attention of our people to such an association. Never can any institution for reform succeed in the highest sense, especially an institution which deals with the young, until women are placed on its committees, until highly-educated women are associated in its control, and until society honors the woman who accepts such a position in the degree that it honors Dr. Howe for devoting himself to the blind, or Dr. Bell for watching over the insane. Such terrible confessions of inability as our newspapers have lately made ought to draw our attention to the subject of social science; and radiantly beautiful in our eyes would be the dawn of that morning which should see Dr. Howe, Charles Sumner, George Ticknor and Edward Everett linked with all that is honorable in our social, literary and philanthropic circles to carry out its highest purposes. All kinds of genius would find development in such an institute; even the woman's cause would find reputable shelter under such an administration, and what we now call fanaticism would prove only a healthy leaven.

When Lord John Russell took the chair of the Association at its second annual meeting at Liverpool in 1858, he made use of these words, "If the young generation are to be an improv